

# The Saturday Review

## of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME I

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### On Fighting

WE have been taught that man is a creature of his environment who does not make history, but is made by it. We have learned that obscure laws of economics, geography, psychology determine the Republicanism of Pennsylvania, the radicalism of Wisconsin, the caution of Mr. Coolidge, and the satiric tendency of the modern novel. The historian, studying the hey-dey of American prosperity, will point to the mingled smugness and discontent of Babbitt, and to that amazing hero of Mr. Woodward's recent novel, "Lottery," who with a day laborer's brains becomes a millionaire by trusting to luck in a lucky country, and he will say, these stories were just as inevitable as rain from an east wind. They were brilliant sparks from the current of the times.

It may seem futile, then, to fight against unfortunate tendencies—against the rising tide of vulgarity in journalism that floods up through newspapers and magazines until sincerity seems old-fashioned and good taste, like good wine, a memory. But these tidal swings, by which the old earth reminds us that we are sprung from her slime and at best crawl permissively upon her surface, are not easily gauged in the present and inscrutable in their effects upon the future. If every American town seems to be imitating Broadway, if sensation mongering is apparently taking the place of news, if education and cultivation appear to be parting company, these calamities may happen—but not necessarily to you. You may always join the minority which refuses to go along. No one had to be a puritan in Cromwell's time, or an abolitionist in 1860, or a Republican in 1920. Not all the economics in the world can make a Jeffersonian democrat out of a congenital Tory.

And even if the printing press seems to be leading a procession toward No Wit's Land where comic strips dance around bonfires of the intellect, yet that may be a delusion. The tide of vulgarity may be just on the turn, and it may recede to leave a beach clean of those pompous mouthings that so often went under the name of literature.

We think, read, write as we can and must, yet it is not futile to talk of better thinking, reading, and writing. The mighty New England preachers rumbled at their congregations that all men were born in sin, and only the few forechosen by God could be saved, even by grace. If the damned were to be damned and the elect to be saved anyhow, why bother to preach at them! And yet the effect was tremendous, for all began to feel the devil's grip and struggle against it.

Once this age knows that the dull fingers of mediocrity are around its neck, that mass production, mass thinking, mass education, mass writing are stalking on like mathematical equations bound to equal an inevitable result; once we see that intellectual damnation may be the fate of most, the struggle will begin to be one of the elect.

All this is an indirect way of saying that *The Saturday Review of Literature*, which is now approaching its first New Year, consecrates its budding soul, in despite of time, tide, or tendency, to the fight against cheap vulgarity in literature. But in so doing it disclaims the reformer's easy distinctions as to what is to be saved and what damned. If the great first cause has foreordained a vital pictorial art to come from the comic strip, or a new literature from *The Saturday Evening Post*, why let them come, and welcome. Mark Twain in his time was supposed by New England to be leading American

### Apology

By MUNA LEE

AS hard as any have held to joy  
I could hold to grief  
If only the seasons would not employ  
Springing bud and scarlet leaf.

The wind can blow my pain apart,  
Lightning can startle it out of my heart;  
And never has sorrow of mine withstood  
Firefly fields or a bluebell wood!

### Two Kinds of Journalism

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Author of "Newspapers and Newspapermen"

OF memoirs of journalists no end. Hard on the "Reminiscences" of the lamented Herman H. Kohlsaat and of Solomon Bulkley Griffin, and Richard Hooker's excellent history of the Springfield *Republican*, come Don Seitz's eagerly awaited life of Joseph Pulitzer\* and Edward P. Mitchell's "Memoirs of an Editor."† Let it be said at once that Mr. Seitz has done an admirable piece of work. Although he was and is bound to Mr. Pulitzer and to his memory by ties of friendship and admiration, and by financial favors received, he has been able to write critically and with genuine detachment. He has given us a clever biography which makes easy a complete understanding of the character of a man who will remain one of the most interesting figures in American journalism. Mr. Seitz's is an achievement of which he and the *World* may both be proud. More than that, I venture to believe that Joseph Pulitzer would be entirely satisfied by it, and that is saying a great deal, for besides being a man of "high intellect, energy of character, and fierceness of temper," he was extraordinarily critical and difficult to suit. But he was so constituted that he would have liked Mr. Seitz's frankness and veracious, but friendly, setting forth of his foibles and weaknesses.

Upon this interesting man's character Mr. Seitz dwells at length in his opening chapter—such a relief from the usual "John Smith was born January 1, 1810, of poor but humble parentage," with which the conventional biography begins—and touches it so lightly and skilfully as to make fascinating reading. Thus the reader has before him a complete picture of the man before beginning the study of his career. Beyond doubt, Mr. Pulitzer's was an extraordinary personality bordering almost upon genius, profoundly moulded first by his desperate struggle for existence after his arrival in this country, and later by his coming into great wealth which permitted him to humor his impulses and to enjoy the luxury he loved, and also by the terrible misfortune of blindness which came upon him in the fulness of his powers. The best of his European training clung to him. He had sound education, amazing knowledge, a thirst for facts which is not usually a characteristic of American journalists, and he had also a most unusual *flair* for politics and an uncanny political sense. He took his politics as seriously as if he were a European statesman, and with an enthusiasm and idealism that statesmen rarely, if ever, equal. Indeed, he was inspired by the same devotion to American ideals which animated Carl Schurz and Abraham Jacobi and many other adventurers to America, who came as a result of the revolutionary upheavals in Europe in 1848—a devotion utterly different from that of the average American whose Americanism is a birthright attained by no sacrifice and no suffering.

It was for the editorial page that Mr. Pulitzer lived. As he himself put it, he hated "the idea of passing away known only as the proprietor of the paper. Not property but politics was my passion, and not politics even in the general selfish sense, but politics in the sense of liberty, and freedom, and ideals of justice." With the *World's* news columns

\*JOSEPH PULITZER, HIS LIFE AND LETTERS. By DON SEITZ. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1924.

†MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR. Fifty Years of American Journalism. By EDWARD P. MITCHELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$4.50.

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literature down the slope that ends in vulgar banality. Mark's taste was not always of the best, but the brahmans, it appears, were wrong. At the risk of being once more called tolerant and catholic (bitter words in 1924) we shall continue to assert that age is not always, though often, more right than youth, that yesterday's book is not invariably better than today's, that vulgarity is a state of mind not a group of people one does not like.

And if this be tolerance it is not surrender. It is the dogmatists who change their minds easily. The puritan Calvinists became optimistic humanitarians, but the tolerant Quakers are of the same opinion still. As the reprobate could be distinguished from the elect by his evil nature, so good books have a soundness and savor unmistakable by the open mind, and the shoddy reveals itself to a ready intuition. The day of the hero in shining armor, cracking skulls with Matthew Arnold and lancing the enemy with a line from Aristotle, is passing. The critic must get down into the press now, which is no longer a cautious battle between polished classicists and modernists, all relatives and likely to change sides, but a crowd milling in confusion, and in danger of suffocation from its own breath. Let him know his own mind and keep his eyes open.



he was far less concerned. Yet it was the news columns of his dailies which made him the target of fierce attacks when he purchased the *New York World* on May 10, 1883. To the elder generation of conservative New York editors, Mr. Pulitzer's removal from St. Louis to the metropolis was an unqualified misfortune. They had fought the incredible sensationalism of the Bennetts with all the disgust of which the sound journalist of today looks upon the tabloid-picture-daily. The vitriolic consciencelessness of Dana had won him the antagonism of his contemporaries. But the arrival of Mr. Pulitzer after a stormy career in St. Louis with the *Post-Dispatch*, with his muck-raking type of journalism that spared no personalities and feared to use no sensationalism, seemed to foretell the beginning of the end of decent journalism in America. The *Evening Post* was particularly outraged, strange as it now seems, by the *World's* reporting of a prize fight. The *World* defended itself by saying that a "genuine newspaper does not arrogate to itself the right to dictate to the public how it shall read its news or what particular news it shall luxuriate in," and declared that the criticisms of its course came only from those journals which "make the inculcation of morals paramount to news." To this the *Evening Post* replied by parodying Artemus Ward's famous definition of his principles: "Morals? Nary a moral! We are in the genuine newspaper business!" It pointed out that if this was to be the standard of journalism, the highest aim of the genuine journalist being then to sell his paper, the worse the quality of the news the better for your business. How could Mr. Godkin have slept o' nights could he have visioned the distance to which the universal adoption of the Pulitzer standard would carry the press by 1924?

Not unnaturally it was some time before the wisdom, soundness, and the ability of his editorial page offset the sins of Mr. Pulitzer's news column in the eyes of his fellow editors and the public. It is doubtful if the men who were in the New York field when Mr. Pulitzer arrived were ever able to do him justice—he complained to the end of his life of the "abuse" of some of them. Gradually the evolution of the *World* brought about a sobering and toning up of its news columns, which was perhaps not unrelated to the social progress of the Pulitzer family. The process of taking out the yellow was, however, interrupted by foolish endeavors to out-Hearst Hearst when that unhappy influence upon our journalistic standards first made his appearance in the metropolis with the determination to go Pulitzer one better. Mr. Pulitzer was subject to panics, as when President Roosevelt set the machinery of the Department of Justice in motion against him, his editors and his papers, because of their entirely praiseworthy exposure of the crookedness leading up to the theft of the Panama Canal Zone by Roosevelt. Unfortunately for the truth, the courts stood by Mr. Pulitzer and the *World*, with the result that all the facts never came out and probably never will. But the Roosevelt attack sufficed to keep Mr. Pulitzer for months a prisoner on his yacht, just as the Hearst offences terrified Mr. Pulitzer into believing for a while that the ruin of his properties was at hand—the profits were wiped out for a time.

In one of his delightful bits of frankness, Mr. Seitz writes of Mr. Pulitzer that: "Under his policy the virtues of the *World* were easily his own, while the mistakes and conflicts became readily the property of others"—a quality to be noted in many great men who accomplish great things. There was, however, much that Mr. Pulitzer could take credit unto himself for, and for which he today deserves great praise. Endless notes of admonition, warning, instruction, and constructive suggestion went from Mr. Pulitzer to his writers and editors from whatever portion of the globe he happened at the moment to be. These, as Mr. Seitz presents them, show clearly enough not only what a dynamic force Mr. Pulitzer was, but that he was the mainspring of the *World* itself, and that it was his devotion to the democratic idea which stamped upon the *World* the political character which still survives long after the disappearance of most of the bizarre and unworthy from its news columns. The *Evening Post* of Godkin and the *Sun* of Dana have both been done to death; the *World* remains our foremost New York daily, so far as editorial honesty, ability, courage, liberalism, and political idealism are concerned, despite the fact that its managers of today are obviously handicapped by the lack of a clearcut vision of what it is they are trying to accomplish, whither they desire to lead, and just what groups they are seeking

to attract and to influence. But it is to Mr. Pulitzer's lasting credit, and to the credit of his sons that the paper remains today entirely sound in its democracy and still unpurchasable, either directly or indirectly. That unpurchasability was always its greatest virtue. It has never bowed the knee to any advertiser and it has always taken seriously Mr. Pulitzer's fighting the battle of the people against the possessors of privilege, a battle even less won today than when Mr. Pulitzer was egging on his editors to their unceasing assaults or to their numerous exposures, of which the Panama episode was but one of many.

Where there is so much to praise in Mr. Seitz's remarkable study of his chief, one does not like to find fault. Yet one must differ with him in his assignment to Mr. Pulitzer of the designation, "liberator of journalism." Mr. Seitz explains that he does not mean by this that Mr. Pulitzer "freed the press from any thrall not of its own making." He declares that American newspapers, prior to Pulitzer, were in great measure organs of party or owners. But there were other free and honest papers before Mr. Pulitzer entered the New York field. Two years before Mr. Pulitzer bought the *World* the unpurchasable and independent *Evening Post*, of which Godkin, Carl Schurz, and Horace White had absolute editorial control independent of the owner, was established by the act of Henry Villard. The Springfield *Republican* of the Bowles family was also free and above party, and so were others. The "mugwump" bolt of 1884 proved that. Nor can it be truly alleged that the influence of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* liberated the American press prior to Mr. Pulitzer's removal to New York. And how large a section of the press of today is still in need of liberation from party thralldom, from crass commercialism, or the blind, partisan, and privileged views of their owners!



Mr. Dana's *Sun* was of an entirely different type from Mr. Pulitzer's *World*. It was edited with a brilliancy never surpassed; its news columns were more carefully supervised and more condensed than those of any other paper, and they sparkled with wit and cleverness. No one could deny the ability of its editorials or the readability of its every news item. It was in itself an admirable school of journalism so far as technique went. But the paper lacked soul, ethics, and principle. It scoffed at things all true democrats held sacred; its influence made for the destruction of ideals and for widespread cynicism. It was often absolutely brutal in its personal attacks, especially upon public men like Grover Cleveland. It stopped then at nothing in its malice. Its news columns were editorialized to aid in the attack. Faking, humorous invention, sarcasm, personal villification, ridicule, invective, scorn, every possible weapon was brought into action to be volleyed at the unfortunate person who had won the *Sun's* enmity. And it kept up these attacks with a sustained power which was the despair of its opponents. Never was the journalistic art of making a man look supremely silly carried to such perfection.

Mr. Dana had no desire whatever to muckrake for the benefit of the public, no great causes to defend and champion, no high ideals for which to fight and, if need be, to die for. Good he undoubtedly did by exposing humbug, by baring the nakedness of many shams, by providing antidotes for the self-righteousness of many of his contemporaries who were brought up in Puritan cant, repression, and hypocrisy. So far as this was of service to the public he and his associates deserve full credit for it, but a positive policy on behalf of public morality and public honesty, on behalf of the progress of our democracy was not there. It was not only, however, that his contemporaries felt that Mr. Dana made virtue odious. Curiously enough, they attacked him also as one who degraded journalism. For them, the descent to Avernus was marked by four successive steps,—the Bennetts, Dana, Pulitzer and Hearst. In *The Nation* for September 30, 1886, there is an editorial summary of a recent issue of the *Sun*. The first page of Dana's daily was devoted to the trial of a minister for immorality, the differences between a man and his wife, to a rape in a vacant lot and to a suicide; the escape of two convicts, a murder in a buggy, a divorce, the horsewhipping of a reporter, two pugilistic items, the affair of a Mr. Lonsdale and twenty-four chorus girls, and a scandal involving a noble lord. To the conservative editors of Park Row that seemed a dreadfully degraded newspaper. Again, Mr. Dana was not impeccable in his relations to politicians and he was quickly offended if the favors he asked were not granted. When-

ever the opportunity offered to assail him along these lines his rivals were quick to take advantage of it.

One of the ablest of Mr. Dana's subordinates is Mr. Edward P. Mitchell. Mr. Pulitzer, as Mr. Seitz points out, was not a believer in an editor's being in personal touch with individuals in politics and in public life. He once resented bitterly the visit of an eminent Democrat to the *World's* editorial room: "I don't like that. I don't want those fellows calling at the office." Into the *Sun* office came all the leading men of Dana's and Mitchell's times, magnates of the business world, literary fencers, poets, philosophers, sailors, politicians, Presidents of the United States in never-ending succession, and they were all welcome, indeed, in the dingy editorial offices facing the City Hall. Mr. Mitchell has, moreover, rejoiced in many warm personal friendships, yet to most New York journalists and the public he was little more than a name; an editorial writer constantly at his desk, a bit austere and forbidding on first acquaintance, he typified the wheel-horses which in every newspaper office keep the machine forever running. But he was more than that, for he wielded a singularly able pen in the office of the *Sun* for almost his entire career, from the age of 23 to that of 70—a lifetime in one job!—and many, many times in those years he acted as the editor-in-chief of the paper before he was finally appointed to that position by Mr. Munsey. Modest and unassuming as he has been, it was thought that Mr. Mitchell's memoirs would throw new light upon Dana and the training school from which graduated so many brilliant writers.

This hope Mr. Mitchell's volume has disappointed. It is extraordinarily mellow and entertaining, packed full of interesting anecdotes and striking pen sketches of the endless procession of journalists and public figures that came under his notice—except that he has practically nothing to say about the journalists of his day and generation in other offices than his own. Age has not withered Mr. Mitchell nor staled him. As a chronicler of individualities he scores here as he used to in his editorials, albeit these are rather haphazard recollections, lacking order and sequence, and not always accurate in detail. But there is little here to inspire the historians of American journalism, or to enlighten students of what was once a great profession. It gives no hint of any underlying philosophy of the *Sun* of Dana. He stresses its determination to discover "subject matter for humorous discussion even in the deeds and sayings of its most esteemed," and he revels still in the memory of the many fakes, harmless and otherwise, which the *Sun* perpetrated. He does draw a clear picture of Dana the man, his technique, his generous loyalty to his staff, and its to him; his ability as an editor, i. e., as corrector, condenser, polisher, inspirer. Nobody could, of course, uphold Dana as a teacher of ethics; like many another editor Mr. Dana left no fruits of his journalistic career beyond those recorded in his daily, of which only the name survives.

So warm and generous are Mr. Mitchell's thoughts of New York and its people as he writes on the New England farm to which he has withdrawn, that he even breaks into a eulogy of Mr. Munsey. He hopes no one will write for years to come of this dealer in dailies lest they misunderstand this rare, self-made combination of "sentiment and practical energy, shyness and bold confidence in his own powers of work, absolute independence of judgment and earnest fidelity to conviction and honesty of purpose concerning any question, private or public." After that eulogy, and one of Bunau-Varilla of Panama fame, one does not expect to garner much of value for the future from this volume and one does not. Perhaps in some other one he may treat of politics and democracy and give us from his age of wisdom some suggestion for a chart for the future. People, people, and people are now, it appears, his guiding interest.

Contrasting these two schools of journalism there can be no doubt as to which has served the country best. Sometimes the most skilled and polished swordsman is of far less value than he who wields a clumsy and a less burnished blade. The brilliance of the Dana school has faded; the curtain has been rung down upon it; little or nothing of positive influence remains. Joseph Pulitzer's *World* presents a more virile and a truer leadership, a more serious devotion to the State, a more sagacious and a clearer understanding of and sympathy for the American problem. The Hungarian immigrant of Jewish descent appears the truer and the more useful patriot.

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## Divided Minds

THE DOMINANT BLOOD. By ROBERT E. MCCLURE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by DRAKE DEKAY

THOUGHTFUL Americans in 1916 and early 1917 often discussed the moot question—what would be the attitude of the German-American when the United States entered the European conflict? It is curious that so little good fiction has taken for theme the tragic dilemma faced by Americans of German traditions and sympathies when the trend of events foreshadowed a break with Germany. To that little Mr. McClure has made a notable addition.

Although Stuart Evans, grandson of old Moldenhauer, a millionaire brewer and manufacturer, is by birth and education an American with "old stock" traditions on the paternal side and the environment of Columbus, Ohio, for unconscious influence, he has acquired through his mother and grandfather love for German music and sympathy for the German point of view fortified by annual visits in the Fatherland. The war breaks out, and somewhat to his surprise Stuart finds during the critical years of the nation's indecision the whole Atlantic seaboard is solidly pro-Ally. Friends, the press, the people he meets at house parties and summer resorts can see only the French side. But to counter these persuasions there is always his mother's insistence that her beloved Germany is being torn to pieces by jealous and base rivals.

It would not be fair to give the impression that Stuart's mental struggles with regard to his attitude on the war were on the basis of sentiment versus moral ideas. The opposing forces were far more heterogeneous. He had a vivid consciousness of his American nationality. The girl he loved was heart and soul on the side of majority opinion; yet he could consider sacrificing their happiness to a conviction. How he finally arrived at a decision must be left to the interested reader to discover.

The author has drawn both the major and minor characters with admirable skill and restraint, never succumbing to the temptation to raise them above the natural plane, or heightening the dramatic values at the expense of straining the reader's credulity. Indeed, one never doubts that in life these people of the rich, social world would behave in the manner described. "The Dominant Blood" must be counted one of the exceptional books of the season, providing the best type of fictional entertainment with an undercurrent of idealism and sound sense.

## A Scottish Primitive

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. By GEORGE DOUGLAS. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

THERE are a few happy spirits in each time who render the whole problem of literature and even the criticism of literature perfectly simple through possession of what might almost be called supernatural powers. Thanks to these uncommon powers or gifts, they evade easily the stumbling blocks of others; their work assumes an inevitable form; their speech and manner may be a little humble and awkward, but is so informed with energy and wisdom that we listen abashed.

The appearance of a new American edition of George Douglas's "The House with the Green Shutters" is particularly eventful. Douglas, who died at the age of twenty-six, in the beginning of this century, was probably one of the forerunners of the modern naturalistic novel in England. Douglas, however, could be romantic as well as faithful to detail. With his dour Scotch temperament he wrote out of a necessity which produced a devastating realism; out of this same tart and agile temperament he was capable of a poetry, a vigor, which his own generation rarely developed in the form of prose fiction.

"The damning fault in most books I read," wrote Douglas, "is that nothing in them seems to leap at you from the pages." And it is true that nearly any modern novel that we might turn to seems absolutely pallid beside the glowing pages of this young author's only book.

The extreme bitterness of Douglas's book and its vivid picturing of the Scottish country-folk were what originally called attention to it. The story is of the downfall of the "big man" of a small vil-

lage, partly through the frailties of his son, but chiefly through his own vanity. From the very opening the situation envelops us with a primitive force; these people are more real than methodic naturalism could make them; it is a drama where instincts as large and as barbarous as those of the classic Greek theatre are at play, and whose culmination has the same air of inevitability. John Gourlay has won his dominant position over the village of Barbie by a kind of animal pride and brutality. The site of his "House with the Green Shutters," built with his wealth, also dominates the village. There is his weak son; there are his enemies; and finally there are the shrewd, hard-drinking, gossiping citizens of Barbie, who form a terrible chorus which interpellates and chants in accompaniment to the central drama. Young Jack, along with his mother and sister, has been so brutalized and downtrodden with the pitiless iron of Gourlay, that in a pinch there is neither will nor reason in him. With the decline of his affairs Gourlay somehow pins his faith upon the education of his heir for the ministry, in order to extricate the family from its straits. The incredible failings of the youth and his boundless appetite for drink lead to expulsion from the university and bring the whole imposing "House with the Green Shutters" down about the ears.

Let it be said, then, that the book has an unhappy ending. But there is an uncommon store of humor and racy wisdom in it which Douglas has tapped from his soil. The reader is not asked to believe anything; the strong men, like John Gourlay, lower at the weak; the weak "smirk and fawn" at the



The Author of "Lottery" (Harpers)

strong. This material exquisitely erected by the young author into a perfect structure is nevertheless spontaneous inextricable life. It is all written, too, as though it were direct, moving speech, often with the tart, "nippy" colloquialisms of the highland Scotch, often with naïve, "primitive" freshness. Unconsciously Douglas had an ear for the beautiful English sentence.

The closeness to the soil, the unfeigned energy and wit of the author detach the book from its time. It possesses some of that fantastic and heedless cruelty which Nature herself has, and also man in the natural or naked state.

It is perhaps the story of young Gourlay's human collapse, in the latter portion of the book, which leaves the most poignant and lingering impression. For many people it is peculiarly painful to watch clowns or buffoons perform on the stage and excite an audience to laughter by their stupidities. Young Gourlay has among other weaknesses this instinct for buffoonery, for self-degradation which is sometimes so painful to witness. His undoing works very gradually, as we watch it with a helpless fascination, amid nights of incredible drinking, of fabulous bar-room conversations, such as we may read only in James Joyce. Because he is, after all, sensitive or imaginative, Jack Gourlay on the verge of delirium tremens experiences big moments of illumination in the crisp nights of the mountains to which he returns, at times, from Edinburgh—visions (as the *débauche* prepares itself) of the beauty of the world and of his own bloody doom. This, perhaps, is the essence of great tragedy.

## The Letters of Clyde Fitch

CLYDE FITCH AND HIS LETTERS. By MONTROSE J. MOSES and VIRGINIA GERSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THIS long-awaited volume will be of intense interest to all who knew the playwright, and to all who are interested in American drama. Miss Virginia Gerson and Mr. Moses have performed a difficult task with such skill, taste, and judgment that there is no room for hostile criticism. Fitch is brought back to life, and those of us who knew him well feel in reading these pages that his extraordinarily vivid personality is actually in the room with us. I had the privilege of his friendship when he was a boy and after he had become famous; I have never met anyone who was more *alive*. His career of creative activity lasted exactly twenty years; and it is surprising that it lasted so long, because he burned himself out every day. He lived at tremendously high pressure; he was sensitive, nervous, excitable, and never seemed to have a moment of tranquillity or relaxation.

Although he wrote sixty-two plays, he was developing so rapidly that his death was a public calamity. His last play, "The City," showed that he could write tragedy as well as comedy; and that the deeper and more mysterious places in the human heart were not beyond his reach.

If there ever was a man of the theatre, it was Clyde Fitch. He never talked or wrote much about the theory of the drama, because he was too busy writing plays. He stood all by himself, and his most intimate friends were not dramatists. He was no Bohemian, because he preferred to live in a house, and built three of them—nor did he have any liking for what is generally regarded as Bohemian amusement. He loved the beautiful homes he made, and to have his friends visit him; he was an ideal host. On the other hand, he could not endure reformers, men and women who were engaged in the "uplift" of the drama; he had no faith in their practicality, and they bored him to death. So he would never join any organizations, attend any public dinners, or identify himself with any group. He was a man who wrote and produced plays. He wrote them everywhere—in his library at East Fortieth Street, in the gardens of his charming country houses, on railway trains, ocean steamers, and at all sorts of places in Europe. When he visited Continental sanatoriums to take "cures," he went right on composing plays, in his bed, in the bathtub, and everywhere else. He could not help it—plots and characters rose to the surface of his mind every few minutes. They gave him no rest until he put them on paper.

These letters show that Fitch had a genius for friendship. He was a warm-hearted, affectionate man. And although he did not enjoy adverse criticism, he bore no personal resentment toward those who wrote it. In fact, some of his most intimate friends were those who gave him in print the most faithful wounds.

He naturally was hurt by the two things most frequently said against him—that he was superficial, and that he borrowed his material. In a letter to Robert Herrick, he wrote:

My new play, "The Way of the World," has made a big success, although more than half of the people don't see underneath, nor realize what I mean by it; but some do, which is, I suppose, over-reward really. I am used to being judged on the surface; it is evidently to be one of my chief curses.

No one ever hurt him more than his intimate friend John Corbin, and in reply to an article by this critic, Fitch wrote:

When you say I am "the most openly a borrower," I can only contradict you, and resent strongly that you say it! . . . Dear John, forgive me if I write straight from the mind and heart what I feel; but I do think you lend too ready an ear to people whose opinion can't have a value. . . . About me, you must realize one thing, if you want to—I live entirely in and for my work, but not as a *pastime*, nor as a *business*. I study it and work in it and live in it, winter and summer, year after year. I have no other principal interest, no business, no wife, or children. I give all I have to my work and to the few friends I can count on my hands. I live a retired life, home and abroad, devote myself to everything which will give me a wider knowledge and a better judgment for my work. And all the time, every hour of my life that I'm awake *studying and observing life*. Am I such a fool that I cannot take proper



advantage of all this? *Were I such a fool would I do it?* And therefore I lay down no cut and dried laws. My desire is to *develop always*.

An illustration of his capacity for friendship is his long intimacy with the novelist Robert Herrick, whom he admired and loved with intense affection. Now of all the men I have known, Clyde Fitch was the most expansive and demonstrative, and Robert Herrick is the least so; yet the two enjoyed each other's company prodigiously, and seemed to be ideal travelling companions. The letters to Herrick are among the most interesting in the book; and indeed it is a tribute to the worth of Fitch's mind and character that so severe a judge as Herrick should have found so much enjoyment in his society.

Everyone who reads this volume will linger over and reread the letters to Fitch from Maude Adams; not only because so little of Miss Adams's writing has ever reached the public, but because these particular epistles are so charming. One long letter she wrote him betrays a knowledge of human nature that many a philosopher might envy.

But it was only to one correspondent—Virginia Gerson—that Clyde Fitch revealed his innermost self. The letters to her show not only all his rapidly changing moods, but the depths of his mind and heart.

How I wish that Clyde Fitch had had a Boswell! There are many clever writers who either will not or cannot talk. Perhaps they are too busy in observation, perhaps they are saving up their best things for print. Clyde Fitch was one of the most brilliant talkers I ever knew. His conversation was filled with shrewd observations, penetrating criticisms, and sparkled with wit and humor. His marvellous flow of good talk seemed to come in an effortless manner from an inexhaustible source.

The value of this book is increased by twenty-six illustrations, by facsimiles of manuscripts, by a complete bibliography, and by an admirable analytical index.

## Everywhere-Including Tibet

EVERYWHERE—THE MEMOIRS OF AN EXPLORER. By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1924. TO LHASA IN DISGUISE. By WILLIAM MCGOVERN. New York: The Century Co. 1924. \$5.00.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS  
University of California

WE are often reminded that this earth of ours is a dwarf planet in infinite space. Yet much of it is still unknown to the white man. Twenty years ago indeed most of it was yet unexplored,—vast spaces in Africa, the interior of Brazil (a country itself bigger than the United States), other vast tracks in South America, the Asiatic hinterlands, Arabia, the Poles. The author of "Everywhere" has attacked almost all of these. The brilliant idea of visiting the North Pole in a submarine came to him in a moment of boredom with civilization, and though he abandoned it, it is typical. Civilization is for him a tedious interlude in the drama of life.

One chapter of his fascinating narrative he naïvely entitles "Trials of Civilization: the King and Queen of Italy;" and another is called "In America: the Horrors of a Lecturing Tour." We sympathize: yet he is always lecturing, and always visiting royalty, and always gets a certain naïve enjoyment from both. Some of his interviews with kings read like passages from "The Little Visitors," and there is in all of them something childlike: "the Duchess looked sweetly pretty with her beautiful golden hair tidily waved." But this childlikeness and egoism fall off him like a cloak as he gets to work, and one sees the real Landor. Whether it is in the grip of fiendish torturers in Tibet, or shooting rapids on the Amazon in a crazy dug-out, or hob-nobbing with cannibals in central Africa, it is the same fearless, somewhat arrogant figure. He seems to bear a charmed life, and we almost exclaim with the aged Pose "God has had His protecting hand over you"; or join in the fine tribute of Deschanel: "He braves everything . . . in serving humanity, he flies from its meanness, its passion, its envy. . . . Ah, Sir, of life you have taken the best part."

And yet to our age, for better or for worse, hero-worship is well-nigh impossible. Our author has indeed been everywhere, seen everything and everybody worth seeing, seen everything through with

amazing luck and courage, and seen through almost everything of our civilization: yet to be frank he is too much of the genial egoist to be quite a hero, too fond of the great, too conventional in his judgments, too impatient of the critic. As for government officials and other humdrum people, he rides rough-shod over them, whether it is "a provost-marshal impersonating the Almighty," or Anglo-Indian officials "behaving with amusing childishness," or a war-office colonel too busy with his social duties to look at a great invention! We have suffered at the hands of all of these, yet we are left with a sneaking desire to hear their account of the incidents, and of our author. It is strange: here is one—artist, inventor, explorer—who goes in a serge suit and a straw hat through tropical Africa, who laughs at crocodiles and malaria, who defies the perils of nature and of man, who is in the thick of every war, who in his stride reinstates a Marchand or a Cadorna with their own people, who scatters the proud name he bears as from a caster on new glaciers, new passes, new river sources, new islands: and yet we find ourselves reserving judgment.

There is much that is really great in the man, and his book is an epic of human endurance. Some of his expeditions are already well known from his earlier works. "Everywhere" throws new light upon them and upon its author. Yet he is still a baffling figure. Just as we are making up our minds to dislike him we find him taking some derelict leper with him on a critical expedition, or bringing back to share his ovation the faithful servant who braved



From an Illustration by Edward A. Wilson for  
"Iron Men and Wooden Ships"  
Edited by Frank Shay, (Doubleday, Page).

every danger with him. These Oriental figures and their comic adventures in great cities of the West are delightful—a splendid foil not only to the author, but to themselves and their own great deeds in the wild. Where in fiction is there anything more sublime than the great-hearted Rajput Chanden Singh, who after bearing with smiling gallantry tortures and hardships of every kind, cannot stand tight shoes, and rushes from the Royal Presence to take them off before an admiring court? In London he deals directly with a pickpocket, and when the policeman brings him to his master a reconciliation is affected as the bobby discovers that it is none other than the great explorer. He is invited to bring his wife and daughter to tea, and Chanden Singh waits upon them. "Well," cries the old lady, "I feel as if I was Queen Victoria on her throne, with my Indian *courtesan* by my side." Here is the Lytton Strachey touch at last; and there are many other delightful things in the book. It has some fine illustrations, and some bad reproductions of the author's maps.

Dr. McGovern's book is harder to review. It too is a tale of heroism, of that good fortune which characterizes the successful explorer no less than the general, of the blindeye held to the official telescope, of strange scenes in a forbidden land. In Tibet nature and man are leagued together to keep the white man out. They do not wish to add to his burden or to his knowledge. In spite of the Young-

husband expedition, and Rockhill and Savage Landor, we still know but little about it. Dr. McGovern, it must be confessed, adds little to our knowledge, though his narrative is a fascinating one, and does shed new light on some phases of its strange life.

Entering it at the most difficult time of the year, disguised as the servant of his own servant, Satan, he succeeded in smuggling in a cinematograph camera, and many will remember his pictures and his lecture recently delivered in this country. Some may wonder that his disguise as here illustrated deceived anyone: and though the illustrations which enrich his book are interesting, they cannot be said to be very novel; and his narrative with its dramatic climax as he hands himself over to the very official who has been hunting for him everywhere, is lacking in detail and substance, though not in thrills. He is pledged not to reveal what he and the Dalai Lama had to say to one another; but why not tell us more of what he learned of Buddhism? To study this was one of the chief objects of the expedition, and Dr. McGovern is qualified as few others are to throw light upon a very interesting and obscure field. Brought up in Japan and ordained priest of a great Buddhist sect, he has already given us valuable books, and we shall look forward to further contributions from his pen. Meantime for all who enjoy a story of adventure, of ingenuity and enterprise, and for the many who know nothing of Tibet, here is a book which can be highly recommended. That he too has come under the ban of officialdom will not detract from the interest of his narrative.

## Farewell to the Slapstick

By ELMER DAVIS.

I AM thinking of becoming a Serious Writer, perhaps even a Social Force; and like the lifelong Democrat who decides to vote for Coolidge I owe the public an explanation. My excuse is poor, but better than none. It is so much easier to be a Serious Writer.

Also, of course, it is a good deal more profitable. Really best selling books are always serious; they may be comic in effect but not in intention. Probably this is so because the public is fundamentally serious; also, perhaps, because most critics are fundamentally serious and inclined to accept heavyweight novels at the author's and the publisher's valuation. (We entertainers, whose books are within the critic's grasp, are judged more nearly at our actual worth.) Moreover, the big money in the pictures usually goes to Serious Writers, who are permitted to deal with themes that appeal to motion picture producers, themes forbidden to frivolitarians like myself.

This is not a personal complaint. I am not the best writer in the United States, shameful as that confession may be. I don't mind being judged on my merits, if any; but when I see that entertainers far more capable than I have smaller sales, and less splendid reputations, than Serious Writers who are incompetent even by the very slack standards of Serious Writing, I begin to believe that I am a fool to stick to a hard and none too remunerative business when the Big and Easy Money is just over the fence.

For we entertainers, whether we deal in melodrama or slapstick comedy or a mixture of the two, are hampered by the exacting rules of our game. We must start entertaining on the first page if not in the first paragraph. The Serious Writer can devote his first hundred pages to the hero's ancestors, and the next sixty-five to a description of the house,

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## The BOWLING GREEN

### Memoranda

AS you go up the Boule' Mich,' toward the Luxembourg Gardens, just above the famous old Café de la Source (whose back door, opposite the Noctambules cabaret, always suggests the beginning of a story) you pass a little coffee-bar. Café-Bar de la Sorbonne it calls itself; and I close my eyes for a moment to see it plainly. Perhaps—indeed, very likely—it is a rainy evening and you slip in there for a café-cognac to think things over. At night it is a cave of various lights. The line of little red bulbs just under the pavement-awning gives just a tender pink tinge to the air and to the piles of numbered saucers. Farther in is that magnificent terrace of bottles, some with green and blue foils on their necks. The ceiling is some sort of violent mosaic, the walls are mirrors, the cane chairs are striped orange and black. The waiters are coasting swiftly to and fro on the slidery sawdusted floor, going from the bar to the larger room at the rear—2 Billards Au Fond says the sign—into which I never penetrated. The moist zinc counter sparkles with reflections of glassy, twinkling colors. Even the buttered tartines shine with a greasy, pinkish light. Behind the bar is the man in shirt sleeves, with prominent, friendly, much-enduring eyes. How often I used to meditate as to the exact shade of temperament suggested by those eyes, which I found as difficult to put a word to as even Conrad and Ford Madox Ford (the author with the reversible name) found their fields of dark blue cabbages. They were eyes naturally friendly, but also with an underlight of weariness, or alarm, or passive suspicion; or a knowing calmness toward the stratagems of men. Eyes which, by always expressing a tinge of faint surprise, seemed to guard against the likelihood of even being surprised further. So at any rate I used to think while I was standing at the bar drinking my coffee. *Au Comptoir, Café 30c*, says the sign. Another subject of pondering was whether the errand-boy from the near-by shoe-shop had the faintest idea what the gilt letters on his cap could mean. He wore a braided uniform and the inscription on his cap was a perpetual indignation to me. Here, in the bosom of the Quarter, on an actual *gradus ad Parnassum*, what legend did I find on that fellow's cap? PHIT-EESI, it said.

But it is not of the shoe-shop *chasseur* that I am really thinking. I am thinking of the girl, charmingly dressed in black, who used to come in every morning at the same time to ask if there was a letter. Perhaps people are more indiscreet in their letters in France, and find it advisable to have them sent to café-bars instead of to their homes? Are they afraid that the wrong person will read them? They needn't worry about *me*, bless them; I find even the most innocent French script hard enough to decipher when duly addressed to me. But anyhow quite a lot of people have their letters sent to that café-bar. (Perhaps that is why the shirt-sleeved proprietor shows that faint brightness of disillusion in his brown eyes.) And every morning the girl I speak of used to come in rapidly, go over to the corner of the bar where Shirtsleeves kept watch over his drawerful of small change, and ask if there was a letter. There was something delicately confidential in the way she asked: she did it more with her eyes than her voice. He would glance at the row of letters tucked into the foot of the mirror and gravely shake his head. Sometimes she was positive the letter was there, if he would only take it out from the row (politely arranged addresses inward so you couldn't spot the names). That third one from the left, it looked exactly (and I thought so, too) as though it was hers. But no.

She would console herself with a cup of black coffee, while I was sideways admiring the really charming trimness of her silhouette, seen against the bright flow of the Boulevard outside. It seemed to me detestable that she never got that letter. I even thought of writing one to her myself, if I had known exactly how to direct it. It would have been fun to watch her reading it. But, of course, it would only have troubled her. After her coffee she always

flitted off rapidly, down the street, on her way to work, I suppose. I am still wondering whether she ever got the letter; and if so, I hope it said what she wanted to hear. Her chin, against the coffee cup, was lovely. It was all I could see, under the *cloche* hat; but it was a very Parisian chin, showing a hint of resolute *jemenfichisme*. So that even if the letter came, I feel sure it still has its small bravado.

Another woman in Paris. I had first seen her twelve years before, when she took my breath away: for I had always been told how much one ought to admire her. And I did, in a kind of dumb fool's amazement. So I went back to see her again.

You see her at the end of a long murmuring corridor. A long way off you see her whiteness: down that aisle that is full of moving people and the rustle of feet and hushed voices. She stands against dark curtains which seem black but prove, on approach, deep red. Tremulously, expecting the old thrill, you come near, disregarding the others who stand on each side the way. You have disregarded everything else—the huge Roman bath tubs (that would be so useful in some of the little Latin Quarter hotels) and the busts of Pallas. "That reminds me," said an American lady looking at one of these, "I want to go to Brentano's to see if the new *Ladies' Home Journal* has come in." And now you are in front of her—the Venus de Milo—and the old thrill doesn't vibrate.

The body—or as the American ladies say, the torso—is as noble as ever, but what has happened? It is heavy, muscular, sluggish. The face is void, drowsy, without meaning. How gladly you would sacrifice it to have the lost arms; which, perhaps, would bring her alive. You try to imagine what those great white arms could have been doing that would make her more a woman and less a goddess. Alas, she is just what a statue should never be—merely statuesque.

So I went away, wondering which one of us it was who had died in those twelve years. This, that we when young eagerly frequented, this that we were somehow taught to dream of as the ultimate perfection of classic form—well how just that she seemed: how perfect and how formal and how stony. On any street corner I could see beauty that seemed more thrilling. But I was almost afraid to admit, even to myself, how disappointed I was. And then I was reading a recent issue of the *Transatlantic Review*. It is pleasant to admit that one always finds that magazine stimulating, because Mr. Ford Madox Ford (the editor with the reversible name) says: "A man whose culture is insufficient to let him read the *Transatlantic* with pleasure is practically no better than a savage." And in that journal I found Havelock Ellis admitting the same thing about the Venus of Melos. She had died on him as she had died on me. I loved her no less, of course; but what I loved was not her majestic, heavy grace, but the memory of my own youthful zeal.

To have my secret unhappiness confirmed by Mr. Ellis was a joy such as confirmation always is. I felt the same way when, the other day, walking on a Brooklyn Street, Walter de la Mare suddenly burst into praise of the mirthful magic of "The Wrong Box"; or when a Smith College girl asked me if there was in the world another book as amusing as Hamish Miles's "The Oxford Circus." For it is confirmation that human beings most passionately seek. And if one knew why all merely æsthetic opinions grow, flower, and decay, one would know why it is that all the arts move gently along their destined loops and returning orbits. It would not be well to know, for we should all be less instant in our small concerns. It is well to feel sure of things while we may; and not remember that even the Ten Commandments are only approximations. . . . Recurring Decimals.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The extensive collection of bookplates formed by the late Dr. Richard B. Coutant of Tarrytown, N. Y., consisting of rare American specimens by the early engravers, including Dawkins, Maverick and Paul Revere, and examples by later American engravers, was recently sold. The bookplate of Benjamin Helme of Philadelphia, a Chippendale armorial, with motto, signed "H. Dawkins," brought \$30. Other Dawkins plates brought about the same price.

and the living-room, in which the hero is discovered when the action, such as it is, begins on page 166. That is considerably easier for the writer, if not for the reader.

The entertainer must write in a recognized and recognizable variant of the English language. The Serious Writer may invent his own vocabulary and his own syntax. If his sentences are meaningless and his paragraphs unintelligible, so much the better, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. If I write a sentence such as "Vehemently the dahlias punctured recollection while her desire flamed lemon-yellow against the afternoon," my readers will ask if it is heroin, or only synthetic gin; but when a Serious Writer puts down sentences like that he is Creating a New Medium.

But above all, the Serious Writer can write about anything and anybody; the entertainer is restricted, so far as his hero and heroine are concerned, to "sympathetic" characters. My hero must be physically brave and financially honest; the hero usually, and the heroine always, must be chaste. (Widowhood is permissible, of course, but extremely dangerous; sexual laxity is absolutely ruled out.) Now I am no enemy of the homely virtues, nor do I agree with Plato's view that nobody would go to see a play about a good man behaving decently. My objection to these conventions of the fiction that entertains is merely that they exclude about one-third of the possible dramatic and comic situations—a field so extensive that the French drama, for example, subsists on it almost entirely. And that alone, aside from the other limitations of my business, makes my job about fifty per cent harder than if I were a Serious Writer.

For the Serious Writer's heroine may be and usually is as thoroughly ruined as his sentence structure. His hero may seduce the cook, defraud his mother of the life insurance, or do a dozen other things which frequently happen in life and make up much of the interest of life (see the front page of any newspaper) but which are absolutely forbidden to the young man by Cluett-Peabody out of Y. M. C. A., whom I must use as the protagonist of stories meant to entertain. To employ the customary if extreme illustration, Mr. George Horace Lorimer probably admires the works of Sophocles, but he wouldn't buy a story about a man who killed his father and married his mother. He leaves such fields to the Serious Writers, who farm them intensively.

I have no inclination to write about young men like Leopold and Loeb or young women like the amateur prostitutes so affectionately depicted by some of my solemn contemporaries. But I do wish that so many of the commonplace phenomena of life were not forbidden material for the entertainer. I could without interference from editors, publishers, or the police write and publish a story about a man who has done one of the various dishonorable or criminal acts that many generally decent men have done at some time in their lives; or about a girl who has had the illicit sexual experience that many generally chaste girls have had. But I couldn't use those elements of the story purely for their dramatic or comic possibilities (which are considerable). I am permitted such themes, and such protagonists, only if I am Being Representative of My Generation, or Interpreting Life.

I don't want to Interpret Life or Be Representative of My Generation. Enough people are doing that already and most of them are doing it badly. But I work for a living, and Interpreting Life is a good deal easier and better paid than merely trying to amuse the customers. I must compete not only with the Serious Writers but with the newspapers, which are permitted to report the doings of people who are generally good and occasionally bad, without having to gloss over the lapses by any pretense at a cheap and fictitious Moral Lesson. I wish entertainers were permitted the liberty of Serious Writers; it would improve not only the range of entertaining novels but the quality of Serious Novels. The business of Interpreting Life would then be conducted for itself alone, and not, as it often is now, as the pretext for the publication of a story which as pure melodrama could stand on its own feet.

But the discrimination exists, and it will take more than the protests of the victims to remove it. Meanwhile, disliking the effort required to write grammatical sentences about monotonously virtuous characters, I look with increasing envy at the easy life of the Serious Writer.



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## Books of Special Interest

### Old and New Houses

AMERICAN HOMES OF TODAY. By AUGUSTA OWEN PATTERSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924.

THE OLD WORLD HOUSE: ITS FURNITURE AND DECORATION. By HERBERT CESCINSKY. The same.

Reviewed by EDWIN BONTA

WE believe that there are few readers who will not enjoy turning the pages of this book, filled as it is with illustrations of the magnificent larger homes of our country. And they are beautiful illustrations, over three hundred in number, largely full-page, and the pages themselves full large. They show the various types of country and town houses produced here since 1900, particularly the larger ones. (A typical example contains fifty guest rooms, not counting the bachelor's quarters in the casino.) They show not only the houses but their settings as well—their gardens and outbuildings—frequently as picturesque as the great houses themselves.

We miss from the volume examples of the residential work of Mr. Charles A. Platt, and the late Mr. B. G. Goodhue, and it seems to us that without them no representative work on American homes is complete. But we do recognize many familiar names. The work is by no means a monograph. More than fifty different architects are represented.

The text begins with a short history of the development of house architecture in America, seeing us safely through that time when our first complete researches into the various architectural styles of the Continent made us the slavish copyists that "sophomores" generally are. "We went through the 'period' fever," writes Mrs. Patterson, "in which no house was good unless it was traceable to some definite prototype; no piece of decoration fitting unless it could be given a page number in some classic work." But this was only in passing. We soon came to realize that our houses must, first of all, be adapted to our own mode of living; with the result that today the practice of "pasting a period label on a house has distinctly gone out."

But we still turn to the former styles for inspiration, writes the author, and any notable example of American architecture falls into one or another of seven pigeonholes which she has called: The Colonial, the English, the Italian and the French derivative, the Elizabethan Picturesque, the Modern Picturesque, and the Mediterranean.

While the author has exercised the historian's impartiality in displaying the illustrations of these various types, the text betrays a decided partiality for some, and an avowed prejudice against others. It is patently designed to direct present day taste into definite channels.

We find the title of "The Old World House" a bit misleading, to an American particularly, since its subject matter really treats of no "old-world houses" other than the English, since, taken as a whole, it doesn't treat of the "house" itself after all, but only of "its furniture and decoration,"—and since, comparatively speaking, it doesn't actually treat of "its decoration" either, aside from the application of cornices, chimney-pieces and wall-paneling. But we hasten to add that it does deal with the "furniture" of the houses in question, both exhaustively and entertainingly. And it is as a treatise on furniture that we shall review it.

It comes in two volumes, beautifully bound, exceedingly heavy, done on a fine quality of coated paper, with half-tone illustrations on almost every one of its six hundred and fifty pages. We can imagine no more acceptable gift to any of the host of householders that are interested in its subject.

One may trace through eighteen chapters the long history of household furniture

from the Gothic work antedating the Reformation, straight down to the latest products of the nineteenth century. Among these chapters, for example, are three devoted to the style of Chippendale, and one each to the brothers Adam, to George Hepplewhite, and to Thomas Sheraton. The student of early oak furniture will find here sixty odd illustrations of such chairs, tables, and chests. The devotee of Chippendale will find well-nigh one hundred cuts of the furniture of his period, together with text description of the life and work of that master.

The making of marqueterie and parqueterie is carefully described, with the distinction between them. There is another chapter on the various words used in English furniture; and another on the painter's finish. Still another chapter weighs the influence of the architect-designer, for better or for worse.

Personally, we could have wished that Mr. Cescinsky's analytical mind had developed still further this contrast of the architect-designer and the joiner-designer. We have long recognized, as one of the "possibilities" of wood, its suitability for bending into curved shapes. While the architects of China and Japan have appreciated this capacity in their natural bending material, and have taken advantage of it in every way, the architects of our western world have never done so. And yet, strange to say, our chair-makers have! When, and where, and how they came to realize this possibility we should have liked to learn. Our early oak furniture apparently employed no bent forms, bespoke no appreciation of that capability in wood. But within a surprisingly short time after, however, there did appear the cabriole leg, the ribbon back, and numerous other forms that showed a most decided, most complete appreciation. Whence did it come? That is the question, and without an answer to this question, no history of the development of furniture seems to us complete.

### Russian Annals

MODERN RUSSIAN HISTORY. By ALEXANDER KORNILOV. Translated and extended by A. S. KAUN. Knopf. 1924.

Reviewed by PITIRIM SOROKIN

THIS is one of the best text books in Russian history of the nineteenth century. Only "Lectures in Russian History," by Professor Platonov, "Russian History," by Shmourolo (published in Russian in 1920), and the fifth volume of "History of Russia," by Kluchevsky (published in Russian only in 1922), could be mentioned as rivals—in some respects they are even better—of the book of Kornilov. The volume outlines all principal sides and events of the development of Russia in the nineteenth century. Of course, as in any general treatment it is in some respects one-sided, in others it is incomplete. But these defects are inevitable in any book of this kind and much outweighed by the positive sides of Kornilov's "History." The Introduction of G. T. Robinson and the Classified Bibliography added to the book are very useful for Americans in using it. This bibliography is, however, incomplete. While many superficial pamphlets are indicated here, we did not find any mention of such books as Maslov's "Russia after Four Years of Revolution" (Kings Co.), as "The Russian Economist" (v.I-VII, London, 1918-1924), or Maklakov's article about the Russian peasants (published in *The Slavonic Review* for 1923) and some others. Concerning the sketch of A. S. Kaun: "Russia under Nicolas II," which is added to the book, we must say that the author did well by frankly saying: "I do not pretend to have treated that period *sine ira et studio*." It exaggerates too much the negative sides and only incidentally mentions the positive sides of that period which was the period of the most rapid and intensive development of Russia in economic as well as in cultural respects.

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## Canadian Literature

By WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

A TORONTO librarian recently said: "Like Mr. Collins, a Canadian author might now report that the reviewers 'invariably treat me like any other gentleman.'" With so many Canadians publishing habitually in London and New York, the national tag is frequently lost. The chief difficulty in preparing a survey of recent publications is that so many of our more popular writers have already received attention from critics in the United States. I need only point to our most distinguished novel of the year—E. Barrington's "The Divine Lady"—and the same author's short story sequences "The Gallants"; to L. Adams Beck's "The Treasure of Ho"; to Robert Watson's "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon"; and to Jean Charlemagne Bracq's "Evolution of French Canada," recently reviewed here by the late Peter McArthur, whose untimely death on October 28th removed a national figure, and deprived us of one of the brightest and ablest pens Canada has known. His verse was distinguished, and through his essays on farm life he attained the widest personal popularity ever enjoyed by a native scribe.

While books of Canadian origin were not as numerous this year as last, there have been an equal number of notable productions, and the average of merit has consequently been raised slightly above that of 1923—a year noted for the diversity of literary effort, and for its evidences of a new sense of national consciousness, of which the chief was the sign of the self-regarding instinct, manifest for almost the first time. An interest in our own literary history developed suddenly, and criticism took on a new vigor. Books about authors were in demand. Dr. Lorne Pierce planned and commenced to edit the forty-volume "Makers of Canadian Literature," of which five are already in circulation—"Robert Norwood," by A. D. Watson, "John Richardson" and "William Kirby," by William R. Riddell, "Stephen Leacock," by Peter McArthur, and "Peter McArthur," by William Arthur Deacon. Five more are to be issued within a month. The re-issue of Haliburton's "Sam Slick," edited down to reasonable size by Ray Palmer Baker, and discussed publicly at some length by Mr. Tom Masson, is another indication of renewed interest in Canadian classics.

Apart from Ray Palmer Baker's "English-Canadian Literature to Confederation," which does not touch the last 57 years, and Archibald MacMechan's brief and unreliable sequence of foot-notes, compiled 20 years ago and entitled "Canadian Literature," the first histories of Canadian literature are now making their appearance. Professor Archibald MacMechan's sketchy survey, "Headwaters of Canadian Literature," is commendable in that it embraces achievements in both English and French, and is in fault in treating the last two decades as "the era of the best-seller," ignoring writers of consequence in that epoch in favor of extended consideration of Ralph Connor and Lucy M. Montgomery. Marjorie Pickthall is the only important author dating later than 1890 who gets adequate treatment. Dr. D. J. Logan's "Highways of Canadian Literature," a very large work confined to writers in English, is a much more thorough and detailed study. He is more original in his observations; and while some of his opinions cannot be taken for "gospel," it will probably stand for some time as an invaluable synoptic of sources. Both books are informative and reasonably accurate, but both suffer from stylistic defects obvious to any reader.

The swing from the preponderance of verse over prose continues. The most notable addition to our poetic literature is "A Book of Verses" by Gertrude MacGregor Moffat, collected after her death a year ago. In conventional forms, the chastity and austerity of her simple, poignant lyrics hold the charm of reticence with traces of elusive magic.

Mrs. A. C. Dalton's "Flame and Adventure" contains rich and winsome music combined with a tendency to philosophic speculation. Louise Morey Bowman's "Dream Tapestries" shows her an apt pupil of Amy Lowell, Adelaide Crapsey and Japanese masters. Anne Elizabeth Wilson's "Eager Footsteps" and Frances Beatrice Taylor's "White Winds of Dawn" are creditable collections.

Among the essayists, Adjutor Rivard is the most discussed at the moment, since his "Chez Nous," crowned by the French Academy, and lately translated by W. H. Blake, gives an equally poetic and more accurate account of *habitant* life than did

Mr. Blake's other famous translation—Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine." As the author of "Brown Waters" and "A Fishing Country," Mr. Blake was himself a distinguished essayist and his recent death was a great loss to Canadian letters. In the west, Frederick Philip Grove, a high-school principal in Manitoba, has given us his second charming series of studies of prairie life in a half-settled district. His "The Turn of the Year," besides being an example of admirable descriptive and reflective writing, has the peculiarity of embodying meteorological data and theory of scientific value. "Thrown In," by Newton MacTavish, editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, is a realistic collection of reminiscences of a typical rural Ontario community thirty years ago.

That delightful form of literary activity for which our writers have such opportunities, and in which they have sometimes shown rare aptitude, the animal story, has this year raised Archie P. McKishnie to the front rank, since his "Mates of the Tangle," describing beautifully and truly the family life of bear, lynx, moose, mink and silver fox, can only be compared for woodlore and artistic finish with the works of such masters as Charles G. D. Roberts and Thompson Seton.

Always heretofore the novel has been the weakest department of Canadian literature. It still is, but great improvement is apparent and at least a dozen of the newcomers are worthy of mention, several of which, fortunately, have already been reviewed. Of those not yet to my knowledge so appraised, Mabel Dunham's "The Trail of the Conestoga" is one of most outstanding merit, besides being the finest of the novels of the year with a Canadian background. It tells of the migrations of the Pennsylvania Dutch into Canada between 1799 and 1810, and their settlement in what is now one of the most prosperous and busy industrial centers of Ontario as well as the focal point of a fertile agricultural region. The story is well told, interest is sustained, and the atmosphere convincing.

Robert Stead, in "Smoking Flax," presents some faithful pictures of the Canadian farming conditions he knows so well. C. H. Gibbons's "Sourdough Samaritan" is a western tale with a strong flavoring of the Mounted Police. "A Gentleman Adventurer," by Marian Keith, is a lively story of fur trading in the early days of the Hudson Bay Company. In "Black Gold," Guy Morton spins a hair-raising yarn of the adventures that befel prospectors looking for coal in the far interior of the Yukon Territory. "La Roux," by Johnston Abbott, is a rather thin mystery and love story in the New France of the 17th century, with redeeming touches of excellent local color. Most interesting of this lot is Muriel Watson's "Fireweed," a British Columbian-English romance, relating somewhat convincingly a highly unusual sequence of events.

Many Canadian authors have been more than ordinarily successful in devising tales for children. This season Miss Marshall Saunders, a Nova Scotian now resident in Toronto, and famous as the author of "Beautiful Joe," has published another story of pets entitled "Jimmy Gold-Coast," which, in my opinion, is the finest performance of her career. Miss Jean McIlwraith of Hamilton, who also enjoys a wide reputation, has done a first-rate boys' yarn in "The Little Admiral," a story of the taking of Quebec. For very little folks, Mrs. Helen B. Sandwell, a westerner, has written an exceptionally gay and delightful fairy story, "The Valley of Color Days," which is beautifully printed and tastefully illustrated in color by Miss Alice Preston.

"The Song of the Broad-Axe," by Walt Whitman, with 12 original wood-engravings by Wharton Harris Escherick, a demy quarto, handsomely printed in a limited edition of 375 copies, the first book of the Centaur Press of Philadelphia, will shortly appear. It is the intention of the Centaur Press to issue, from time to time, books that lend themselves naturally to private press production. In carrying out this intention the press will be governed by two considerations: first, the publication of material of sufficient literary value; second, the production of books in a format to merit the attention of the collector.

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## Foreign Literature

### A Pirandello Play

LA VITA CHE TI DIEDI. By LUIGI PIRANDELLO. Florence: Bemporad (Brentano's). 1924.

Reviewed by JOHN PEALE BISHOP

IT was doubtless inevitable that Pirandello should sooner or later have written this play. Since the beginning of his career as a dramatist some twenty years ago he has been curious only of the relations which may exist between appearance and reality. As a follower of Croce and Gentile he is aware that truth is at best a subjective thing; and yet there are, outside us, certain facts which, however, they may be modified by the mind, cannot be done away with even by the most deliberate ignorance. His situations are invariably devised to bring into conflict various notions of reality; and the irony of the outcome always depends upon the emergence of some fact which can no longer be ignored, or even disputed. Hitherto he has dealt with the apprehension of life, with the notions which people form of themselves and of those living around them, or else, as in "Sei Personaggi in Cerca d'Autore," with the relation of imagined characters to actuality and the invasion of the author's mind by conditions not of his making. In "La Vita Che ti Diedi" he is concerned with death, with the effect that the living have upon the dead, the dead upon the living. Above all, the wishes to know how long it can be postponed by our refusal to admit that it has already arrived. It was inevitable that Pirandello should sooner or later come upon this theme. He has written around it a subtle, moving, and only faintly ironic tragedy.

At the beginning of the play we discover that the only son of Donn' Anna Luna is on the point of death. He has left her Tuscan house while still a very young man; he has been gone seven years without ever once seeing his mother when he returns to die. She refuses to admit his death, arguing with a truly Italian subtlety that though God may take away that life which He gave, the son, He will allow him still to live as long as his mother is alive, since even God cannot take away the life which she has given him. She orders the body buried, since even while it was still breathing she was unable to recognize in it the son who had left her seven years before. Then she has the room in which he has died arranged as though he had never left the house at all, much less returned only to die. When she discovers that he had begun a letter to his mistress the day before his death, Donn' Anna finishes it with her own hand and despatches it, convinced that so long as he is still alive for his mistress, who is naturally ignorant of what has happened, that his life is not ended.

He has, as his mother knows, for some years been the lover of a Lucia Maubel, married to a French husband, to whose hardly endured embraces she owes her two children, a boy of twenty and a girl of eighteen. When they arrive in the house, preceding their mother by a few hours, they provide a means of measuring how far Donn' Anna's conviction that her son is not dead has already affected the entire household, affected indeed the very reality of his decease. The full implications of this point of view are, however, not displayed until Madame Maubel herself arrives; urged to this difficult and dangerous journey by the need to inform her lover that she is once more with child—by him; when she learns that he has gone away without warning, possibly never to return, she is reduced to a state of confused despair. It is only the next day, when her own mother arrives, that she learns the facts; she does not find them hard to believe, for she has seen him dying for years; she has guessed indeed on her arrival that he may be dead. It is only when she describes the slow process of his dying that the mother is prepared to admit him dead.

The play of ideas is actually much more subtle and complicated than I have been able to suggest in this brief résumé. The shadow of death lies, literally, across every scene, now dark and distinct, in the shape of a young man, now formless, vague and tenebrous. The variations in this shadow are followed, from minute to minute, by the observers, and every line that they speak is permeated by the consciousness of its presence. And this is true even when Donn' Anna thinks, by lighting the lamps in her dead son's room, to have destroyed the darkness that has fallen on the house.

"La Vita Che ti Diedi" should be, in spite

of the rarity of the discussion and, here and there, an occasional lapse into pure dialectic, effective on the stage; more effective indeed, I should guess, than any play of Pirandello's I have yet seen performed with the exception of "Sei personaggi in cerca d'autore." For not only are the ideas rather more completely dramatized than is usually the case with Pirandello, but, as in the "Six Characters," the situations which arise are in themselves poignant and strange, poignant because they beautifully expose emotions which are after all simple, common and human, strange because their exact form depends upon the juxtaposition of persons who in life would be kept prudently apart.

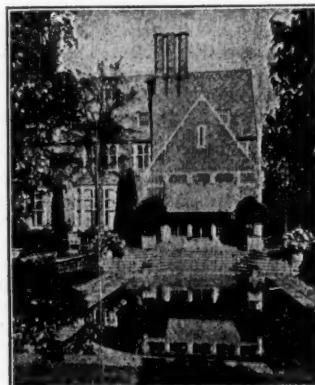
The fourth volume of the extensive and authoritative "Geschichte von Florenz" (Berlin: Mittler) which Robert Davidsohn has been publishing over a period of years has

just appeared. Like the volumes which preceded it, it is a scholarly and exhaustive survey, based on Florentine and other archives. Dealing in the main with the fourteenth century, it covers the manufactures, commerce, and banking of the period, and devotes especial attention to the guilds.

Svend Fleurbaey, whose chronicle of the pike has appeared under title, "Grim," and whose "Kittens" has also appeared in English, has published a new volume which takes the salmon for hero. "Af En Vikings Saga" (Copenhagen: Gyldendal) is a swift moving narrative, vivacious and well-written, and full of adventure and action.

A few copies of "The Known Soldier, and Other Reminders of the War Decade," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, printed in a limited edition by the McGrath-Sherrill Press, Boston, are on sale. The book contains twelve pieces of verse and one bit of prose.

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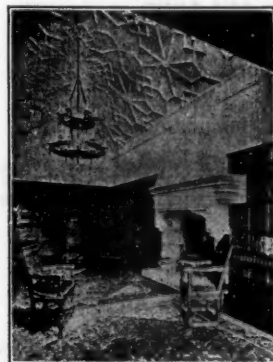
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## The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

### Belles Lettres

**HOW TO BE FREE AND HAPPY.** By BERTRAND RUSSELL. New York: Rand School. 1924.

This is a lecture delivered by Bertrand Russell on his visit to America last May, at Cooper Union, New York City. It bears an introduction by Norman Hapgood. Russell's idea, according to Hapgood, is to make democracy more interesting. He gives an "exciting quality to thought." Russell certainly gets at the root of true happiness when he says, "When once you are rid of fear you have the freedom of the universe"—also when he says that "every artificial morality means the growth of cruelty." There is wisdom in this essay and an almost religious fervour.

**UNMAILED LETTERS.** By JOSEPH H. ODELL. Dutton. 1924. \$2.50.

This is a kind of book peculiarly hard to describe, or appraise without being misleading. Its delicate flavor defies any definition—one must read it to savor it. It is a series of little essays, some but a page or so in length, and none of them beyond the compass of a real letter—touching upon whatever happened to be in the writer's mind at the moment, of the things he "really believes and feels," dotted now and then with bits of narrative, anecdote, flashes of reminiscent description.

Mr. Odell touches lightly several times upon religion. "I warn you," he writes, "that there is a growing body of opinion which holds all institutional religion to be only a local and transient phase of spiritual life. I am interested in that phase as far as it expresses a real experience: I am just as interested in seeing even the most ancient organization knocked to smithereens by some new experience." There is, occasionally, a touch of mysticism in him, but it is rather an aesthetic emotion, a passing appreciation of a phase of beauty.

One of the best papers treats of his quest for a school, in New England, apparently for a boy of thirteen, which gives room for some vigorous, and highly useful doctrine and criticism of the tendency toward professional specialization in what passes for education.

We need a culture, he concludes, which will save us from the vulgarization inevitable to commerce when pursued as an end, something that will keep business in its place as a means of livelihood instead of allowing it to become the measure of life.

But one would have to quote a score of passages to give any idea of the variety of his subject matter. His manner is always engaging: suave, often humorous, and also capable of deep cutting criticism. It keeps, however, pretty steadily to the tone of quiet introspection, and meditation upon Nature and mankind, emerging in a certain optimistic view of life, on the whole, which one feels to be really due to the writer's own innate geniality.

### Biography

**A NINETEENTH CENTURY CHILDHOOD.** By MARY MACCARTHY. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2 net.

Mrs. MacCarthy has raised the curtain for a brief space of time upon the Victorian world that so near in time is so far removed by the intervention of war from the troubled world of the present. Her portrayal of domestic life in the eighties and nineties as it was lived by an English family of culture in Eton has about it a flavor of the quaint which is most engaging. Life flowed along in undisturbed currents for the family of the warden of Eton, with enough of variety and of interest through contacts with persons of the wider world to lend it savor. Quiet annals these are, lightened up by occasional glimpses of the gay world of London, but in the main depicting the narrower happenings of a school town or life in a girls' seminary. Mrs. MacCarthy writes with simplicity yet fluency; she has animation of manner even when the events she records are unlively, and she has exercised discrimination in the choice of her material. Her book should afford pleasant reading to those who enjoy looking backward.

### Fiction

**MEN, MAIDS, AND MUSTARD-POT.** A Collection of Tales. By GILBERT FRANKAU. The Century Co. 1924. \$2.00.

This volume of short stories would seem a most representative collection of Mr. Frankau's work. It is divided into Men's Tales, Maids' Tales, and Mustard-Pot's Tales, the latter dealing largely with fox-hunting in the Shires. One of Mustard-Pot's characters, a rustic Leicestershire lover, suggested the author himself when he "veered once again to the eternal subject of horse." These exuberant tales of the hunting-field do seem a trifle interminable in theme, possibly because they are grouped together. But it requires no small ingenuity to make horse and hunting stories as varied in plot as these half-dozen are.

If sport in the Shires is to Mr. Frankau an institution simply not to be questioned, in spite of Farmer Thompson's trampled wheat, stage-land is not, nor is war. It is in his un-equine stories that we find the writer at his most significant. A faint coloring of satire that runs through all his work blazes to high pitch when he contemplates the London stage. Again and again he calls it a jungle, where the tooth and claw of jealousy, and the bland and even affectionate smile of double-dealing, rule all. Repeatedly the sharp satire of his realistic situations backs up his blunt words, renders them hardly necessary. As for the Great War, to former Captain Frankau it is harsh grinding reality, unbeautiful and unglorious, and he describes it for what it is.

Among the Men's Tales occur the several stories most worthy of comment, "The Parrot," "Mariner's Law," "The Hinder-mate." Business, travel, science, metropolitan life weave themselves without effort in these stories through the lives of men and women described with photographic facility and completeness. It is this photographic quality about the Frankau stories which makes them peculiarly stories of this age, and perhaps accounts for much of their popularity. It is a work-a-day, play-a-day, rough and tumble world that Mr. Frankau knows, and his acute and varied observation, duly and fairly recorded, passes it on to us faithfully.

**CANDLE LIGHT.** By RUBY M. AYRES. Doran. 1924. \$2.

The author has kindly provided an adequate review of this, imbedded in the story itself. The unhappy heroine takes to writing fiction, after she has married the wrong man, and in Chapter IX the first notice of her book is quoted—"the usual old story of two men and a woman and a mistaken marriage. It has all the usual machine-made situations and will doubtless prove highly popular." To this is added a second critic's opinion that the "author has the great gift of telling a story," and should "develop into a . . . best seller." That really leaves little to be said, except that the "usual situations" do not include anything to shock the proprieties or grieve tender readers, and that it ends not with the usual "clinch" but with the death of the lady.

It is all very sad: the sentimental sadness that the reader is meant to gloat over—and does, if he, (or she) is that kind of reader. And, in fact, the author has much of the knack of story telling, so far as narrative movement goes, which is no doubt the reason why she has had, and probably will continue to have, a large audience both in England and here.

**THE SHOW-OFF.** By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF. From the Play by GEORGE KELLY. Little, Brown. 1924.

In a novelization of a play so well observed and so roundly turned as "The Show-Off," there must of necessity be something too much when the novelist adds his dilations and elaborations to characters who "tell you all you need to know." The elaborations are logical enough; the *excurses* into the several brains of the group for the writing that serves as purely novelistic material is neither very badly nor very well done. But it all seems tautological, gilding the lily, raising a paper jungle around the lions of St. Marks. And yet the novelization of successful stage plays seems to be on the upward wing. One wonders

(Continued on next page)

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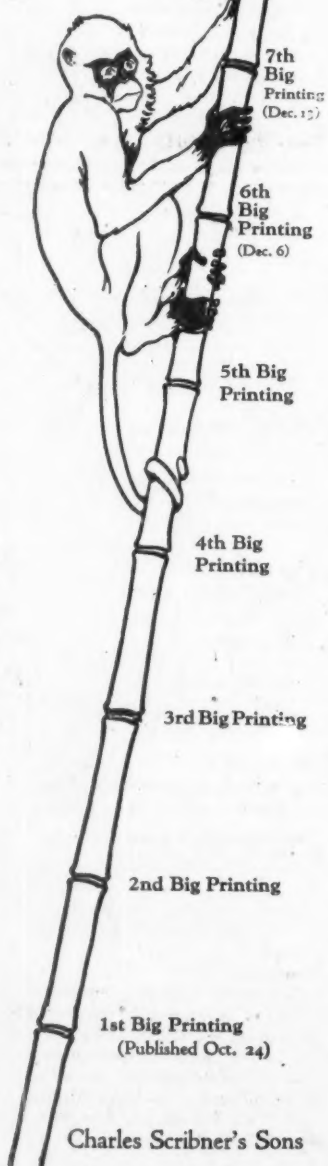
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## The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

why, for anyone concerned, it is worth doing.

The answer probably lies in the existence of a reading group, all unimagined by those of us who are not Rotarians but showing in bright green on the publishers' charts, that does not see plays and will not read them. This group the novelist's superstructure will not annoy and the present volume is recommended to them as preserving faithfully intact Mr. Kelly's dialogue. And who can say that Mr. Wolff's expansions of the play's economies will not add to the pleasure of those who like, say, two kinds of ice cream with their pie?

THE QUAIN COMPANIONS. By LEONARD MERRICK. Dutton. \$2.50.

## Government

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF THE STATE. By NORMAN WILDE. Princeton University Press.

Each generation must shape anew its political philosophy; for the environment is a pragmatic creature which demands a truth shaped to fit its special needs. In our own day especially, the simplicity characteristic of the earlier political theory has become impossible. A world-economy has meant the reconsideration of every principle at one time deemed fundamental. We have been driven to a revaluation of ideas which seemed only a generation ago clear beyond discussion. The debate, moreover, has become not merely technical, but also international, and the beginner who seeks to understand its substance has need of a guide. Professor Wilde's book has real value for this purpose. It is clear, it is well-informed, and it is cautious. He grasps the nature of the problem, and makes the reader understand the consequences which attach to the various solutions proposed. We do not know a better introduction to contemporary social thought.

THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTIES. By EDGAR E. ROBINSON. Harcourt, Brace.

THE CONSTITUTION AND WHAT IT MEANS TODAY. By EDWARD S. CORWIN. Princeton University Press. \$2 net.

THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INHERITANCE TAX. By EUGENIO RIGNANO. Knopf.

THE GENESIS AND BIRTH OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION. By J. A. C. CHANDLER. Macmillan. \$2.50.

PROBLEMS OF PUBLIC FINANCE. By JENS P. JENSEN. Crowell.

TWO TREATISES OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT. By JOHN LOCKE. Dutton. 80 cents.

THE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY. By E. S. P. HAYNES. Covici-McGee. \$2.

OUR GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE. By SCHUYLER C. WALLACE. Knopf. \$2 net.

## History

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERS. By EDGAR STANTON MACLAY. New York: Appleton. 1924. \$3.

This is a new printing of Mr. Maclay's work, which was first published in 1899. In the quarter of a century that has elapsed since then nothing has appeared to supplant or even to rival this contribution to a phase of our history that is still too little known and appreciated. One may not share fully the author's enthusiasm when he states that it was the attacks of the privateers on English commerce, rather than the battles of Saratoga and Yorktown, "that struck the mortal blows to British supremacy in America," but one will readily admit that the privateers in our early wars have never received their due share of credit from our historians.

In the Revolutionary War the regular navy contained sixty-four vessels of all descriptions, while the privateers numbered 792. The navy captured 196 vessels and the privateers about 600. In the War of 1812 the navy had twenty-three vessels and captured 254 enemy craft. The privateers numbered 517 and took about 1,300 prizes. Everyone is familiar with the story of the capture of Ticonderoga and its garrison of fifty men, but the taking of several times this number of prisoners by a privateer, not a rare occurrence, goes unnoticed.

It was the author's purpose to record every action during our two wars with Great Britain in which privateers participated. This required exhaustive research in private as well as official records, as the skipper of a privateer did not report di-

rectly to headquarters. The narrating of the incidents of several hundred engagements without falling into monotonous repetition is in itself no small achievement. Numerous drawings, old prints, and maps add to the interest and value of the book.

THE HILL OF ATHENA. By H. H. POWERS. Macmillan. 1924. \$1.25.

To the initiate and all votaries at the shrine of Pallas-Athene, this little book will breathe a fervent inspiration. The general reader will be fired to further research, while the Philistine skeptic must surely realize that the spirit of Greek culture still survives and remains imperishable. Numerous illustrations promote this excellent result.

The history of the Acropolis is the history of Athens. In a short series of word pictures, Mr. Powers reveals the many vicissitudes through which the city has passed. Her progress is sketched from the legendary period, when the ruler of the citadel was prophet, priest and king, and Athens paid her annual human tribute to Crete and the Minotaur. Then we pass on to the days of the Palladium and Pisistratus. From Marathon, Salamis and Thermopylae to the Golden Age of Pericles, when arose the truly gloriously beautiful temple to Athene, the Parthenon of Phidias is not long.

The rise of Athens as a sea-power was also the cause of her undoing. She lost her former proud position as the chief city of Greece. Yet with the loss came an increase in wisdom. Philosophy supplanted materialism and mythology. The Nine Muses assumed sway, and the Stoa came into its own. A new and freer Athens sprang up. The last pages carry the reader to the period when Athens had become the intellectual centre of the world.

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Edited by J. B. BURY, S. A. COOK, and F. E. ADCOCK. Vol. II. Macmillan. \$9.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN 1815. By ELIE HALEVY. Harcourt, Brace. \$6.

A HISTORY OF THE TORY PARTY. By KEITH FEILING. Oxford University Press.

TUDOR ECONOMIC DOCUMENTS. Edited by R. H. TAWNEY and E. POWER. Vol. II. Longmans.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF WESTERN EUROPE. VOL. I. By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON. Revised and enlarged edition. Ginn. \$2.80.

## International

WHEN ISRAEL IS KING. By JEROME and JEAN THARAUD. Translated by LADY WHITEHEAD. McBride. 1924. \$2.00.

The aim and attitude of the Tharaud brothers in their book, "When Israel Is King," is similar in effect to that of the author or authors of "The Elders of Zion." The effect in this case is greater because the book is more subtly conceived and expressed with indubitable literary skill. The idea the Tharaud brothers wish to convey is that generous and easy-going Hungary was overrun by a horde of "wild" Galician Jews who first gained an economic control of the country and then, during the period between the armistice and the Horthy coup d'état, actually made of fair Hungary a Jewish state. To make the idea convincing they have sacrificed fact for effect, condemned the work of Karolyi and his party, and distorted out of all probable proportion the activity and influence of the Jews in Hungary.

No one denies the fact that among the Bolshevik leaders in Hungary a large number were Jews. But certainly this number did not exceed fifty; and of these fifty most were less vicious than far-visioned. On the other hand, the attitude of the million and a half Jews was decidedly anti-Bolshevik. To convey that these fifty were the leaders of the million and a half as these authors have done is wholly pernicious. Well-written though this book is in part, the prejudice and venom with which it is saturated make it a piece of vituperative propaganda.

THE REVIVAL OF EUROPE: CAN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS HELP? By HORACE G. ALEXANDER. Holt. 1924. \$2.

The title of this book is a misnomer. There is little discussion in it of the revival of Europe. It is rather a résumé of the accomplishments of the League of Nations ground-breaking. Indeed, it is one of these pieces of work which come perilously near the "hack" class, and which from now on seems destined to be turned out all over the world in ever increasing numbers by second-rate college professors. Friends of

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the League do not have to read it. Others will not. The book is comprehensive and accurate, and its expressed judgements are sound enough, but as a contribution to the science of international relations it is not inspired.

### Poetry

**A HARP IN THE WIND.** By DANIEL HENDERSON. Appleton. 1924. \$1.25.

Beyond the hedges of Daniel Henderson's gardens skyscrapers seem to rise, making the flowers more transient, more cherished. On nearer approach those skyscrapers, that city, turn into monumental thickets where burrow little clerks and young lovers; offices are drenched with the light of sunsets; fox-cubs in their coops haunt the reality of the tenement gutters. Twice Manhattan is left behind, once in a rather disappointing section, "American Trails," a record of the pioneers, and once for a voyage to the West Indies. Here at times Mr. Henderson experiments with free verse and realism, but he is still more successful in rhyme and when dealing with such subjects as mist or fog, where the ocean wipes out the illusion of life with the illusion of mist, or shrouded ships pass bleating by the unseen face of death. In spite of the dangers of over-romanticism, over-punctuation, and over facility, his lyrics are distinctly refreshing like spring air coming in through an office window.

#### THE WHITE EGRET

When I pierced the marshland, bronzed  
reeds blew asunder.

There I saw a green grove; there I paused  
in wonder

Where a snowy egret ethereally stood  
Like a seraph-sentinel before a sacred  
wood!

What though I had come with awe and  
reverence and rapture?

What though but in soul I sought its  
loveliness to capture?

Still it trembled; still it soared as though  
it saw arise

Esau of the red hands stalking yet through  
Paradise!

**QUEST AND QUERY.** By MELANTHANE COOVER. Badger. 1924.

After any man has displayed the ambition and the perseverance to complete a philosophic poem of some four hundred closely printed pages, the least the reviewer can do is to accord the finished product his interested and respectful attention. So it is in the case of Mr. Coover's voluminous work. While the author does not exhibit those high lyric gifts which one might hope for in one who has evidently given so much time to the poetic craft, yet he issues a challenge by the very fecundity of his composition if by no more obvious merit. Here is one who has seriously endeavored to couch in verse an entire personal and cosmic philosophy; here is one who has scraped the four corners of the universe in poetry of uniform technical competence even though rarely of distinction. With a little less tendency toward the hackneyed and the merely prosy, Mr. Coover might have produced an outstanding poem; as it is, he has given us much that is thoughtful and appealingly sincere but little of compelling lyric beauty.

**LEAVES OF GRASS.** By WALT WHITMAN. Edited by EMORY HOLLOWAY. Doubleday. Page. \$3 net.

**THE BEST POEMS OF 1924.** Edited by L. A. G. STRONG. Small, Maynard.

**CANDLELIGHT.** By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD. Norman, Remington. 50 cents.

**SONGS OF PROMISE.** By ETNA FLORENCE STUCK. Four Seas.

**THE VOICE OF THE SEVEN THUNDERS.** By WILLIAM EARL HILL. Four Seas.

**SLANTS.** By CLIFFORD GESLER. Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

**BERRIES OF THE BITTERSWEET.** By ADELE DE LEEUW. Brimmer. \$1.50.

### Travel

**DOWN THE GRAND CANYON.** By LEWIS R. FREEMAN. Dodd, Mead. 1924. \$3.50.

Mr. Freeman's new book on the Colorado river is likely to prove of more interest to people who might be thinking of exploring in that district than to the general reader. It is a record of personal adventure in several chapters, without any particular sequence and not in support of any particular point of view. The chapters on the delta country are actually of more interest than the account of the Grand Canyon

voyage from which the book takes its name. Very little is accurately known of this vast, changing region of mud flats and carrizals and shifty sloughs. In view of the fact that projects are now afoot that will in the course of the next century convert this Colorado river bottom land into one of the richest food producing districts of the world, rivaling the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile, Mr. Freeman's account of his hunting and exploring trips has fresh interest. According to Mr. Freeman, if difficult to negotiate, the delta is still a place in which the sportsman may purchase the pleasures of senseless killing properly spiced with hardship and narrow escapes.

**IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND.** By H. J. MASSINGHAM. Dutton. 1924. \$3.00.

Mr. Massingham's sketches of wild life in England are delightful. As in "Untrodden Ways," he shows us things we love to see (though many of us would be too impatient and clumsy to see them in nature), and he puts them before us with inherited zeal and vigorous language. The chapter on Maiden Castle is one in which zeal seems to run away with the author. Her anthropology and archaeology are called upon to prove a theory of the Golden Age. Elliot Smith and Perry deserve great credit in that they keep alive questions of racial development; but when they make too simple and too alluring some of the most complicated and difficult problems man may attack, they do occasionally lead their students astray. With Mr. Massingham wish is sometimes father to the thought. It should be added that both wish and thought are good; and that the volume as a whole is attractive and honestly enjoyable.

**MORE QUEER THINGS ABOUT LONDON.** By CHARLES G. HARPER. Lip-pincott. 1924. \$2.50.

Mr. Harper has written so much and so entertainingly about English roads and English cities, and has given so many interesting facts about London and its story, that this book is sure to be picked up in an enthusiastic mood. That mood is not sustained by the somewhat wooden fare provided. The "more queer things" are chips from Mr. Harper's workshop, presented with too much confidence in the reader's appetite. After all, not everything is worth recording; and though the most trivial scraps about a great city may be redeemed by an interesting presentation, Mr. Harper has here been too careless to bother about an engaging setting for his fare.

**COLOMBIA, LAND OF MIRACLES.**

By BLAIR NILES. Century. 1924. \$3.50.

The average traveler would gain a far better knowledge of Colombia, her people and their customs, from reading Mrs. Niles's book than from a year's stay in the country. The explanation of this apparently cryptic remark is that Blair Niles knows what to look for, how and where to look for it, and how to describe it clearly, interestingly, and poetically. Her former book, "Casual Wanderings in Ecuador," proved that a woman's observation, plus a poet's power of description, combined to make a book of travel in a foreign country as fascinating as it was informative and accurate.

The secret of the success of these Blair Niles travel books (we hope there will be many more to follow) seems to be that their author first studies the people and then their native environment. In her book she skilfully combines both, with the help of artistic illustrations from photographs taken by Robert L. Niles, Jr. She takes time to become thoroughly familiar with the history and lore of the land she visits. With this as a background, it is easy for her to view the present sympathetically.

**A BOOK OF SUNSETS.** By WILLIAM L. STIDGER. Abingdon Press. 1924. \$1.

Dr. Stidger's camera has here caught for us some enchanted sunsets in China, Java, Borneo, and other corners of the Far East. His text, first saluting God as a marvelous artist, describes some of these finely photographed sunsets. His descriptions are full of color, instinct with imaginative sensitivity. The book should appeal to travellers. It can be slipped easily into the pocket to compare with one's own notes on sky changes in one's own voyages and jaunts overland. Particularly interesting is the description of a typhoon sunset.

**TRAIL LIFE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.** By B. W. MITCHELL. Macmillan. \$3. LONDON. By SIDNEY DARE. Macmillan \$7.50.



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BY CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, JR.

THE chance of ever lighting upon a copy of the original edition of *Falstaff's Letters* is now slim indeed. There is a copy in the Duyckinck Collection in the New York Public Library, but it lacks the frontispiece. There is a copy in the British Museum from which the frontispiece of this new edition is reproduced.

Of this book, we say, in Lamb's words "we counsel you to buy it." First, because it is perennially delightful, in its own right. It is, of course, a Shakespeare "item." It is also a Lamb "item," for Lamb and White were joint authors of the *Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff*, or, at any rate, that is what Southey wrote to Moxon in 1836.

And lastly, because it is an unusual and very beautiful specimen of bookmaking.

Limited to 700 numbered copies

Printed by the Pynson Printers, direct from Caillon old style type with old-fashioned characters and ligatures, reproducing the character of the edition of 1796. The type has since been distributed.

The book is an octavo, page size 4 1/2 x 8 inches, uncut, bound in cloth, with paper label, and inserted in slip case.

The frontispiece is a specially made reproduction by gravure process from the frontispiece of the British Museum copy of the first edition. The price is seven and a half dollars per copy.

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**PADRAIC** and **Mary M. Colum** are back in New York, Padraic writing busily upon a travel book on Ireland. He kept sending his publishers pictures of palaces, on his wanderings through Ireland, England, France and Italy, with comments such as "Shall we have a story of this grand place?" He sent manuscripts also to be kept with care, folk lore gathered for his next books. He found in Dublin that the old Celtic Scholars could give their approval to the spelling on which he and his publishers had to compromise in offering the old Welch of the Mabinogian to Americans. The Colums saw quite a little of *James Joyce* and his family in Paris.

Speaking of Irish literature, "In the Land of Youth," by *James Stephens*, the second volume in a cycle dealing with the great Irish saga of Queen Maeve and the Tain Bo Cualgne, of which Stephens's "Deirdre" was the first, is a collection of stories within stories telling of Nera and of Etain, of Hy Brasil and the Lands of Faery. Stephens was last year awarded the Tailltean gold medal for "Deirdre." He is coming to America on a lecture tour about the seventh of February.

The tenth annual issue of *Edward J. O'Brien's* "The Best Short Stories" anthologies, will be out on January tenth. We note that among "The Best Short Stories of 1924" will be found *Charles Finger's* "The Adventures of Andrew Lang," *Zona Gale's* "The Biography of Blade," *Ruth Suckow's* "Four Generations," and *Glenway Wescott's* "In a Thicket."

Speaking of Wescott, *Hamilton Greyladd* rebukes us for mutilation of his name heretofore. If we did we shouldn't have spelled it Wescott. Glenway Wescott, by the way, has written a real book in "The Apple of the Eye," and we have collected encomia upon it hither and yon.

Anent the recent poem on the Egg which we quoted in "The Phoenix Nest," a correspondent, *Constance L. Coleman*, submits the following:

#### EGG APOLOGIA

*I wept till I was nearly blind  
To hear the dear egg so maligned;  
I hope that I can make you see  
The egg is not without esprit.*

*The egg is neat, the egg is trim,  
There are no vulgar frills on him.  
He holds his tongue and knows his mind;  
His choice of dress is most refined.*

*And also, I believe it's said  
The egg, when not most awfully dead,  
Will oft produce (if not bestirred),  
An eagle or a humming bird.*

*John Crowe Ransom's* "Grace Before Meat" (Hogarth Press) has just been issued in England with an introduction by *Robert Graves*. Mr. Ransom's "Chills and Fever" was one of the most original of the fall season's books of poetry.

In collaboration with *The Nonesuch Press*, London, *Lincoln MacVeagh* announces a fine limited edition of *The Apocrypha and The Bible*. With the exception of the Doves Press Edition (now bringing as high as \$200 at auction) this is the only grand scale edition of the Bible made as a beautiful, artistic book in modern times. It is printed under the expert eye of *Francis Meynell*, son of the late *Alice Meynell*, and recipient of *Francis Thompson's* famous lines, "To My Godchild." The typographical style is Dutch rather than English. *Plantin* in Antwerp led the typographical world in the 17th century, and the type is a special modern rendering of *Plantin's* own.

*Edgcombe Staley*, author of "The Guilds of Florence," has done what *Alexandre Dumas* intended to do after producing his "Crimes of the Borgias," namely, written a book on "Tragedies of the Medici." Both the fascination which the Italian Renaissance holds for us and our innate awe of pawnbrokers incline us strongly to this volume—also the fact that *Dumas's* "Famous Crimes" series remains to us an ever fresh delight.

The irresistible *Mr. Congreve* lived for us again when we witnessed the other night "The Way of the World," given by the Cherry Lane Players. We were ravished by the beauty of the production, enchanted by *Mrs. Bryan's* interpretation of *Mrs. Millamant*, highly entertained by Messrs. *De Lette* and *Tullock* as *Witwoud* and *Petulant*, and moved to hilarity by *Mr. St. James*, as *Sir Wilful Witwoud*. But why not mention each one of the actors and actresses who collaborated with wit of rare devising in exhibiting "The Way of the World" in most highly intelligent fashion, clothed in and set off by the most successful costume and scenery designs of *Joseph Mullen*? "Rarely, rarely comest thou, spirit of delight!" But the spirit will descend upon those who witness this performance of "The Way of the World."

The book of the season that pictorially appeals to us most strongly is *Frank Shay's* collection of Deep Sea Chanties under the striking title "Iron Men and Wooden Ships." *Edw. A. Wilson's* decorations and woodcuts for it, in black and white and in color, are the most delightful things of their kind we have seen for moons. *Wilson* challenges the late *Lovat Fraser* and has embellished a book that makes the bibliophile's mouth water.

And the last items we will call attention to this week are (1) that *Jonathan Cape* in England is bringing out *Henry S. Canby's* two series of "Definitions," and (2) that *Old Bill Washburn*, late Ambassador Extraordinary of the Century Company to Great Britain, has furnished us, clipped from some English weekly, with the best rhyme about *Michael Arlen* we have come across. This contribution to—we think—the *English Saturday Review*, was signed "O. K.," and runs as follows:

#### RONDEAU ARLENESQUE

*Of this and that I write with ease,  
Of thus and thus by suave degrees  
Till all the world frequents my flat  
To meet Romance in one green hat,  
In one green hat and no chemise.*

*For much Romance has power to please,  
Arrayed in dainty ribaldries  
And no chemise and one green hat  
And this and that.*

*Let others live by bread and cheese;  
I mix my spicier recipes,  
And if you ask what I am at,  
"Why, so and so, and one green hat,  
And thus and thus and no chemise  
And this and that."*

—THE PHOENICIAN.

THE library of *Mrs. William B. Hayden* of this city, consisting of first editions, examples of *Bruce Rogers*, *Riverside*, *Kelmscott* and other special and private presses, English seventeenth century works, and limited editions of American, English and French authors in standard editions, was sold at the American Art Galleries November 20, 470 lots bringing \$42,119. Many high prices were realized. *Voltaire's* "Œuvres," illustrated by noted French artists, 70 vols, royal 8vo, full contemporary red morocco, Kehl, 1785-1789, brought \$825. *Chaucer's* "Works," illustrated by *Sir Edward Burne-Jones*, folio, full levant, Hammersmith, 1896, a beautiful copy of the famous Kelmscott Press edition, sold for \$800. A set of *Surtees's* "Sporting Novels," with colored plates by *John Leech* and others, 8 vols, full polished calf, London, 1838-1888, first issues of the first editions, brought \$725. Throughout the two sessions competition was lively and prices good, frequently high.

PART VI of the Gable's collection will be sold at the American Art Galleries the first week in January; Part VII in February, and Part VIII (final) in March.



## MICHAEL ARLEN!

Everybody is talking about Michael Arlen. Clever Michael Arlen. Sly Michael Arlen. Brilliant Michael Arlen. Disturbing Michael Arlen. Michael Arlen of "The Green Hat" and "These Charming People," of "Piracy" and "The Romantic Lady" and "The London Venture." Everybody is reading Michael Arlen.

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## The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BLACKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BECKER, c/o The Saturday Review.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS 2960 B'WAY NEW YORK N. Y.

### THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER IN AMERICA 1785-1835

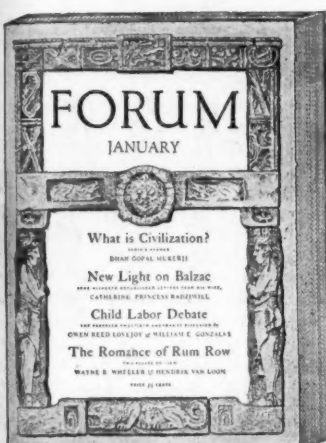
By Jane Louise Mesick

1922. pp. ix + 370. \$2.85

Europeans were greatly interested in American life and customs during the early years of development of the new form of government. Ubiquitous English travellers returned home to write books about their experiences and views on conditions in the United States. This volume combines the general contents of some eighty travel books into an interesting record of the social history of the period, as viewed from without. With bibliography and index the book is particularly useful to students of American history, English literature and the social sciences.

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### A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

"THE DOMINANT BLOOD." By ROBERT E. MCCLURE (Doubleday, Page).

"EVERYWHERE." By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR (Stokes).

"JOSEPH PULTIZER." By DON SEITZ (Simon & Schuster).

The Woman's Club, of Belmar, N. J., makes its Christmas meeting a donation-party for nearby Homes for the Aged, that is, fruit and groceries are brought to be distributed there on Christmas. To carry out this spirit in the program, they last year read aloud "Old Lady 31," which was so appropriate that it made a great hit. What can they find for this year?

IN "Aces," a collection of short stories by American authors recently published by Putnam, there is Edna Ferber's story, "Old Man Minick," on which her play "Minick," now running at the Bijou, is based; a better tale for this purpose could scarce be found. The Home appears here as such a city of spiritual refuge for the aged poor as the club may be for the middle-aged rich. Also the buyer of this book gets an added satisfaction along with the stories; it is unlikely that so many of the most popular tales by popular authors could have been thus gathered if the profits were not pledged to a charity for the blind.

M. I. A., Oswego, N. Y., asks if there is any one book about the work of present-day American columnists.

THE nearest to it would be a fat volume edited by J. L. French (Little, Brown) which has a selection from each of several columnists from Eugene Field on; this book is as good a Christmas present as most people would ask for. With that, a manual called "The Gentle Art of Columning," by C. L. Edson (Brentano), which has prefaces by four famous practitioners. But why stop there, when there are, just from the press, F. P. Adams's wise and demure poems in "So Much Velvet" (Doubleday, Page), the priceless "Old Soak's History of the World," by Don Marquis (Doubleday, Page), and the deep notes of Christopher Morley's "Religio Journalistic" (Doubleday, Page)? The latest is Heywood Brown's "Sitting on the World" (Putnam). There is one story in it that should be on the program we have been arranging for reading aloud on Christmas Eve, but most of the pieces are to be read to one's self; you emerge from the book—having bumped into the last page—with the sense of having taken part in a comfortable conversation about small matters of great importance.

N. R. D., Palestine, Texas, wishes to give her little granddaughter either a child's Bible or a book of Bible stories, as a Christmas gift.

THE one on which a generation of young readers has been brought up is "The Bible for Young People" (Century), which selects and arranges without mutilation of the King James version, such passages as interest younger readers. "The Children's Bible," arranged by Sherman and Kent (Scribner), retells the Bible narrative in more modernized language; it has beautiful colored plates. Both of these cover both Testaments. Now there is a new one, which will be welcomed by the parents who were a trifle nervous about giving Van Loon to their children, "The Bible Story," by William Canton (Doran). It is in story form,

modernized language, and illustrated by colored pictures that are unusually dramatic; indeed, the feature of this book is its dramatic quality. "Wonderful Tales of a Wonderful People," by E. David Goitein (Dutton), is certainly dramatic, not to say tempestuous; it deals mainly with the Israelites, but introduces their neighbors, the Hittites, the Egyptians, and others; much is extra-Biblical. "Bible Stories for Young People" (Crowell), told by S. E. Dawes in simple modern language, has colored landscapes from photographs of the Holy Land. There is a new life of Christ by J. G. Stevenson called "The Christ of the Children" (Doran), so beautiful in its reverent simplicity that I cannot imagine a religious book more likely to be treasured as well as read by children; his parallel version of the Beatitudes made me realize that I had never understood what some of them meant. For very young children there is "A Baby's Life of Jesus Christ," by Frances Rolt, in the "Little Library" (Macmillan), which has so many excellent books for littlest readers.

H. A., Baltimore, asks about books on drawing, for a girl of fourteen.

THERE is an amusing book just out called "Instead of Scribbling" (Dodd, Mead) that would have been a mine to me when I was in school; it is by E. G. Lutz, and shows how to develop figures and faces starting from lines and curves; I need say no more to anyone who ever learned the trick of making a cat out of two superimposed circles. The same author's "Practical Drawing" (Scribner) is a textbook for the beginner, clear and practical. "How Children Learn to Draw," by Sargent and Miller (Ginn), is interesting in this connection; it is a report of results in the elementary school attached to the University of Chicago.

A correspondent whose letter I have mislaid is laying in a stock of books about Mexico, preparatory to spending some months in travel there.

HE should find "Beautiful Mexico," by Vernon Quinn (Stokes), a good book to sketch out the field in general; the pictures are remarkable. "In and Under Mexico," by Ralph McAllister Ingersoll (Century), is furiously exciting; the true story of life in a copper mine and in the society that overlays one in this part of the world. I have spoken of the thrills in Harry Foster's "Gringo in Mañana Land" (Dodd, Mead), and of Stella Burke May's "Men, Maidens and Mantillas" (Century), which has amusing experiences in Mexico as well as further South; it has a section on the method of courtship known as "playing bear." "The Mexican Nation: a History," by Herbert Priestley (Macmillan), goes from ancient times to the rule of Obregon; it is the latest to appear, and the most thorough-going treatment the subject has received so far as I know. The largest and most elaborate book about Mexico in late years is "An Architectural Pilgrimage in Old Mexico," by Alfred C. Bossom (Scribner). This has 150 unrivalled photographs (Continued on next page)

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

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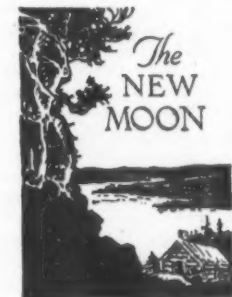
By Anne and Dillwyn Parrish \$2.25

"Away went the great coach, over the forests and over the seas, and drew up beside a cottage where a lonely little Norwegian boy was falling asleep."

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## Points of View

### Death of the "Drawer"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Having survived a trifle less than four years beyond the scriptural allotment of three score and ten, the Editor's Drawer of *Harpers Magazine* departed this life with the issue for September, 1924. Signs of dissolution had been apparent for some months. It had steadily lost weight and shown other symptoms of age. When in September its venerable form had shrunk to two feeble pages from what had once been eight, or even ten, a tremor of alarm seized its friends. Hoping for the best they opened their October number with anxiety. The premonition proved to be well founded. The "Drawer" had disappeared.

Thus departs the oldest and worthiest "department" in any American magazine. When I telephoned a protest, such as it is the right of an oldest subscriber to make, I was coldly informed by the murderous editor that my complaint was the only one received.

Can it be possible that love of humor has entirely disappeared from the American mind, or is that curious contraption so buried in the rubbish of the movies, "radio" comedy, and the slapsticks of vaudeville as to no longer care for the undefined, spontaneous contents of the "Drawer"?

It does not seem possible, and if true, the fact is lamentable. American humor enjoyed in its pages a true forum. Its contents were not made to order. It remained a last refuge of the contributor in the cramping age of the "idea" editor who has forced all things readable to be made to fit his notions, vitiating expression and giving no scope to the original or the facts.

For more than a third of its existence, the "Drawer" was edited by no less a personage than Dr. Samuel Irenæus Prime, famous as the editor of the pious New York *Observer*, yet endowed with a pretty perception of wit, as his selections show. His orthodoxy did not extend to his editing. For example, he accepted "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," a burlesque on a "Hard Shell Baptist" sermon, that drifted from an unknown source and has long been a classic of American humor. Moreover, the "Drawer" gave us our first "comics." Whereas *Harper's Weekly* was content to clip its back page "comic" from *Punch*, the "Drawer" carried two original pages during all of its early days. They are amusing even now, when the fun of the fifties is considered by high-brow critics as more than archaic. If any modern "comic" artist ever produced anything better than Frank Bellevue's "Inebriometer," printed in the issue of January, 1860, it is not to be found in my collection, which I proudly believe to be the most complete in America.

G. A. Hoppin drew for it and McLennan, whose pencillings have never been excelled. These were Americans. Bellevue was English born, but accepted his environment thoroughly and grasped our idea of a laugh. The "Drawer" never exploited the names of those who filled it, so they remain unknown, but a world of gratitude is their due, for thanks to them, the lovers of mirth have enjoyed nearly three quarters of a century of undiluted entertainment.

I know of no more melancholy event in the history of letters than this demise of the "Drawer" since Dietrich Knickerbocker so mysteriously vanished from the Independent Columbian Hotel, to the great concern of its landlord, Seth Handaside, leaving the best room vacant and nothing behind that might pay his arrears of board, but "some old books and musty writings, and his saddle bags; which, being opened in the presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper."

DON C. SEITZ

New York.

### Shall We Prohibit?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Can Christopher Morley write anything without referring to booze? Have I read a thing of his in the *Saturday Review* in which he did not get on to this subject? It seems to me, when I try to recall, that I have not. It appears to be an obsession with him.

I am no prohibition fanatic. But why try to keep the saloon jargon alive for a generation who cannot understand it?

Mr. Morley will find himself presently in the position of a certain revivalist who went to Kansas to hold meetings. He hailed

from Missouri. St. Louis was his home town, and he once had gone all its gaits. All his sermon material was saloon stories. In wet territory, it was reported, he was quite a success; but in Kansas he was a complete fizzle. The people had not seen a saloon for twenty-five years. Those under twenty had never seen one—only those who had journeyed from their native heath. The "Ten-Nights-in-a-Barroom" stuff left them puzzled, when they were not asleep.

I suggest Mr. Morley begin to acquire a vocabulary for the future. As sure as the world stands, it ain't gwine to rain no more!

D. P. GAINES.

Waterbury, Conn.

### Fritz-Greene Halleck

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

I am engaged in preparing a doctoral dissertation at Yale University on the American poet, Fritz-Greene Halleck, which will ultimately be developed into a definitive biography of the poet. I am now searching for manuscript material, reminiscences, and other interesting matter dealing with the life and writings of Halleck. Would you kindly aid me in the search by printing this letter in *The Saturday Review*?

NELSON F. ADKINS

426 Shelton Ave., New Haven, Conn.

### Authorship

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Mr. Stevenson's inquiry about a poem beginning

*The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday*

has been referred to me. This poem was written by Louise Imogen Guiney, and the reason it is not found in her published works is that it was written, for a friend, after the publication of her last book in 1909.

GRACE GUINEY.

### The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

and drawings; a remarkable collection, for architect, artist or traveller. Though "The House of the Fighting Cocks," a novel by Henry Baerlein (Harcourt, Brace), is about the Mexico of some years since, there is enough of the charm of old time still to be found in spots to make it useful as information, and as entertainment I can vouch for it.

E. M. E., Burlington, Iowa, asks for biographical notes on John Held, "a contemporary cartoonist who seems to be entirely unknown to 'Who's Who'."

MR. HELD may not be a hero to his valet, for all I know, but he is a personage to his Chinese cook, whose version of his "Life and Work" Mr. Held sends on request:

John Held, Jr., he 36 years.  
John Held, Jr., borned Salt Lake City.  
He eat plenty.  
He ride horse all time, same Tex Austin Radio.  
He play polo and break finger. He not play polo no more.

John Held, Jr., have plenty dogs. He shoot plenty.

He have farms; one farm 163 acres: plenty work; other farm 50 acres, plenty ruffled grouse.

John Held, Jr., he draw, OH MARGY! for all newspapers. All young people likem. He work plenty magazines. Every place you see name John Held, Jr.

Mrs. John Held, Jr., she make blacksmith shop. John Held, Jr., he make pictures. Mrs. make in iron. Oh, plenty work. Got very hungry. I cook plenty chop suey; both eat plenty.

John Held, Jr., he Conctable in Town of Weston.

Excuse me. That is all.

CHUNG WEI.

E. W., Baltimore, Md., asks about new plays for amateurs.

I AM especially interested in "Garden Varieties," by Kenyon Nicholson (Appleton), for the themes and the treatment of these six little plays are unusual and vivacious. Colin Campbell Clements's "Plays for a Folding Theatre" (Appleton) begins with the charming Pierrot cycle already familiar to little theatre audiences and includes four other vivid one-act dramas as different one from another as possible. And there is a new volume of the "Carolina Folk Plays" (Holt) to continue the record of remarkable work done for native drama at the University of North Carolina.

The tenth and final volume of the handsome limited manuscript edition of the "Writings of John Muir," the publication of which was commenced in 1912 by Houghton Mifflin Company, has finally made its appearance.

## The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

### AT AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

BOOKS and manuscripts including the further property of a prominent Pennsylvania collector were sold at the American Art Galleries December 1 and 2, 370 lots bringing \$34,859. There was keen competition at both sessions and prices generally were very satisfactory.

A few representative lots and the prices realized were the following:

*The Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette*, 13 vols., 8vo, calf, London, 1822-28. Complete with the final June, 1828, number. \$815.

Blackmore (R. D.). "Lorna Doone," 3 vols., 12mo, cloth, uncut, London, 1869. First edition. \$275.

Clemens (S. L.). Collection of 54 A. L. S., 1877 to 1898, written to the author's English publishers, Chatto & Windus, together with other interesting material. \$590.

Dickens (Charles). A collected set of Christmas Books, 5 vols., 12mo, London, 1843-48. All first editions. \$425.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Quartette. The Christmas Annual of the Civil and Military Government." By four Anglo-Indian writers. 8vo, original wrappers, Lahore, 1885. On the margin of the front wrapper, in the autograph of Kipling, are the names of the "four writers"—his father, mother, sister, and himself. First edition. \$825.

Kipling. "Life's Handicap," 12mo, cloth, in case, London, 1891. Author's presentation copy of the first edition. \$650.

Omar Khayyam. Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," small 4to, in an elaborate binding, London, 1859. Rare first edition. \$750.

Wilde (Oscar). Original manuscript of "The Decay of Lying," 55 pp. folio, bound in morocco. \$625.

Wilde. The suppressed portion of "De Profundis," 8vo, boards, New York, 1913. One of the 15 copies printed to secure the American copyright. \$600.

On December 4 and 5 choice selections of the French press illustrated by the greatest contemporary artists and bound by master craftsmen of France, early English and

modern first editions and many other desirable works, including the later library of A. J. Morin of Chicago, were sold. Many high prices were realized.

A few of the rarer lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Longus. "Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloe," plates engraved by Andran, in elaborate binding by Padeloup, Paris, 1745. Louis XV's copy with his monogram stamped on binding. \$550.

Dickens (Charles). "American Notes," etc., 12mo, calf, London, 1842. Author's presentation copy of the first issue of the first edition. \$600.

Grolier Club. Whistler (James A. McN.). "The Etched Work of Whistler," 1 vol. text, 4to, and 5 vols., plates, imperial 4to, buckram, together 6 vols., New York, 1910. \$435.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Echoes." By Two Writers. Square 16mo, morocco, Lahore, 1884. The two writers were Kipling and his sister Beatrice. First edition. \$650.

La Fontaine. "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers," 2 vols., 8vo, contemporary red morocco, Amsterdam, 1762. The famous Fermiers-Generaux edition. \$450.

Louys (Pierre). "Les Chansons de Bilitis, traduites du grec," 8vo, elaborate binding by Rene Kieffer, Paris, 1898. Limited edition with 12 original water colors by Vidal. \$590.

Louys. "Byblis Preface par Gilbert de Voisons," 4to, in elaborate binding by Rene Kieffer, Paris, 1901. Large paper copy, with illustrations in two states, together with the entire series or original designs in water color signed by the artist, Caruchet. \$710.

Sterne (Laurence). "A Sentimental Journey," etc., in an elaborate binding by Chamblotte-Duru, London, 1768. First edition, the E. B. Holden copy. \$285.

### AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

ENGLISH literature, early and modern, duplicates from the library of Henry E. Huntington, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, December 2, 446 lots realizing \$8,248.25. This sale contained many rare items but they were not always in good condition and prices were frequently low in

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consequence. The following were a few of the more important lots: Roger Bacon's "The Mirror of Alchimy," etc., small 4to, morocco, London, 1597, first edition, \$150; Richard Braithwaite's "A Strappado for the Diuelli," small 8vo, morocco by Reviere, London, 1615, first edition, Christie-Miller copy, \$100; Robert Burns's "Poems," 1786. Kilmarnock edition, inferior copy, \$620; Thomas Campion's "Songs of Mourning," etc., folio, vellum by Bedford, London, 1613, first edition, Christie-Miller copy, \$100; George Chapman's "Ovids Banquet of Sense," small 4to, fine binding by Reviere, London, 1505, first edition but three other copies known, \$1,350; Thomas Heywood's "The Brazen Age," small 4to, polished calf, London, 1613, first edition, \$100; Shakespeare's "Poems," small 8vo, morocco, London, 1640, first edition, inferior copy, \$1,200; John Taylor's "Heads of all Fashions," small 4to, London, 1642, first edition, \$110; John Masefield's "Ballads," square 12mo, wrappers, London, 1903, first edition, \$40; Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Martial Elegy for Some Lead Soldiers," a leaf, 12mo, in case, n. p. 1882, excessively rare, \$12.50.

#### SALE OF RARE AMERICANA

RARE Americana, including books, pamphlets, broadsides, and autographs were sold by Charles F. Heartman at Metuchen,

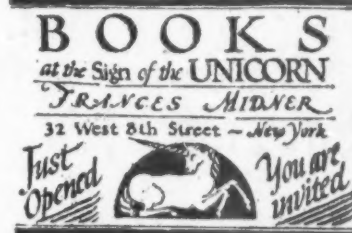
N. J., November 29, when many good prices were realized. The following are a few of the more unusual lots: "The New York Almanack" for 1774, 24 pp., 12mo, stitched, New York, 1773, said to be unique, \$87.50; Samuel Seabury's "Free Thoughts on the Proceedings of the Continental Congress," held at Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774, 8vo, unbound, New York, 1774, first publication of the "Westchester Farmer," \$51; John Archdale's "A New Description of . . . the Province of Carolina," etc., small 4to, calf by Reviere, London, 1707, first edition, \$82.50; Frederick A. Gay's "Sketches of California," 8vo, wrappers, New York, 1848, only two other copies known, \$325; William Carey's "Letters in Review of Attorney General Black's Report . . . of Land Titles in California," 8vo, wrappers, San Francisco, 1860, first copy sold at auction, \$392.50; George Wilkes's "Proposal for a National Railroad to the Pacific Ocean," with map, 8vo, wrappers, New York, 1847, fourth edition, \$612.50; John Mason's "Brief History of the Pequot War," small 4to, calf by Sanford, Boston, 1736, rarest of the Connecticut Colonial Tracts, \$307.50. These are only a few of the rare lots but they serve to show the range of prices.

#### HIGH PRICES FOR AUTOGRAPHS

THE sale of the George C. Thomas collection of autographs by Samuel T. Freeman & Co. in Philadelphia, November 18, has some record breaking prices to its credit. A document, the original charter of liberties to the people of Pennsylvania, dated February 25, 1682, 2 folio vellum sheets, signed by William Penn, brought \$21,500, the highest price of the collection. Next came the autograph signature of Button Gwinnett, signer of the Declaration of Independence, attached to an indenture of mortgage, April 25, 1770, which brought \$14,000, breaking the highest record by nearly \$10,000. An A. L. S. of Abraham Lincoln, 2p. 4to, Executive Mansion, January 26, 1863, appointing General Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac, sold for \$10,000. Other important lots and the prices realized were the following: the only war proclamation ever issued by General Washington, 1 p. 4to, Trenton, December 31, 1776, \$1,500; L. S. by John Hancock, 2 pp. 4to, July 8, 1776, accompanied by a copy of the first printed Declaration of Independence, \$3,800; signature of Thomas Lynch, Jr., signer, from a title page, \$2,600; A. L. S. of Robert Morris 1 p. folio, February 5, 1798, in which he says, "my money is gone, my furniture is to be sold, I am to go to prison and my family to starve,

good night," \$1,500; A. L. S. 1 p. 4to. by General Grant, to Secretary Stanton, May 11, 1864, in which he said, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," \$5,300; original autograph telegram of General Grant to Secretary Stanton, announcing the surrender of General Lee, \$4,000; and the A. L. S. of General Lee, Arlington, April 20, 1861, resigning his commission in the United States Army, \$1,200. These are only a few of the extraordinary prices realized at this remarkable sale. The 205 lots brought something over \$100,000.

G. William Nott, 3,021 Ursuline Avenue, New Orleans, writes that he is preparing a biography of Irwin Russell, the Mississippi poet, who was born at Port Gibson in 1853 and died in New Orleans in 1879. He is anxious to secure any letters, reminiscences, or other material bearing on the poet's life.



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## The Phoenix Nest

LIFE, letters, and the arts! So runs a heading in a recent *Living Age*, and we pause to meditate upon this living age and the letters and arts in which we find ourselves inextricably intertangled. Before us are the latest issues (they will not be the latest by the time you read this) of magazines that may be taken as presenting many facets of life, art and literature today, and their inter-relationship.

*Imprimis*, as we scuttle through the pages of *The Living Age* (we detest that Chautauqua phrase "to leaf") we find ourselves not wildly interested in England's hopes of Premier Baldwin, or the German elections, or the result of the militarization of Spain. Mustapha Kemal's government (his name always reminds us of a plea for a cigarette) and the progress of Chile under her directory leave us comparatively cold. Such and such was the state of the world in November. But now it is hard on January and a New Year. And what has the world really learned about a technique of living?

MANUEL UGARTE's plea for a Latin-American resurgence against Anglo-Saxon absorption, another perspective article on the Victorians, attempts to strike a true balance on ANATOLE FRANCE—these are laudable articles, but here we sit trying to decide upon a philosophy of life. We have arrived at the age of thirty-eight without an adequate philosophy. We believe that the conduct of one's life must be more important than either writing about it or reading about it; though we have but seldom acted upon that presumption. We believe that new and fantastic expression of the gaiety of being alive at all is the hope of life and the arts. And yet the endeavor to assimilate the new expressionism into our system, the endeavor to keep abreast of all the new things that are being done, and still retain a grasp on what we, perhaps fondly, believe to be fundamentals and essentials, results in our constant bewilderment. In the December *Dial*, for instance, the item that claims our attention is not any contribution, confusing as some of them seem, in the body of that apparently pioneering magazine, but a page advertisement in the front-matter that presents an excellent photograph of HODGON's bronze head of VOLTAIRE. There is desolation as well as mockery in those eyes. Let a sense of desolation and a spirit of mockery serve as a saline injection into the honeyed red blood of the grossly popular author, to mitigate his effronteries. So, as they say, we have chosen our Christmas gift—which we shall never send.

How soft and characterless, how pudgy and podgy the faces of most advertised authors seem beside that stripped skull and that snapping-turtle jaw. Here was an intelligence. The extraordinary spectacle of our modern America still waits to be revealed in the searchlight of such an intelligence. We prophesy the great mocker to come again among men. The eyes gleam as if a fierce light beat upon them, but abate not that falcon gaze. The rigor of the face is the rigor of intense suffering clenched upon itself, grinding upon itself to emit intolerable sparklings through the eyes. Few of our temperaments would be equal to the possession of such a mind, a

mind like a blast-furnace. This face also was lifted in Gethsemane.

Meanwhile we potter and prate, meanwhile we barter and delay. "He who builds a factory builds a temple, and he who works there worships there," our President is reported as saying. If it were true, for instance, in a high fantastic sense, even in a CHESTERTONIAN sense! If it only were! We have observed lately a few of the newer buildings in this city,—office buildings, apartment houses; at certain hours their line and mass and color have led us to dream of a new, fantastic city. How hilarious would be the evolution of its architecture! And, in regard to vistas and prospects, if we could turn GORDON CRAIG, ADOLPHE APPIA, ROBERT EDMOND JONES, WOODMAN THOMPSON loose in certain streets and squares of our city! Why stuff away imaginative design in playhouses? Make the city a proper stage for life; revolutionize the sartorial spectacle to blend properly against such a background. A vaster Florence of the Renaissance! But New Yorkers prefer to be mouse-habited and humdrum.

That last was our reaction to *The Theatre Arts Monthly*! Another, and this time more hopeful matter to ponder, we glean from the Winter Literary Section of the *New Republic* and the Holiday Book Number of the *Nation*, namely how many perspicacious literary commentators there are at large. KALLEN, MUIR, LOVETT, MUMFORD, ROSENFELD, VAN LOON, KRUTCH, the VAN DORENS, SHERMAN, HANSEN, FLOYD DELL. LEWIS MUMFORD falls in with our mood in his "Contemporary Disillusion: A Dialogue." At the end, his Thomas Deems exclaims "After LYLY came BEN JONSON! Given sufficient time our spiritual ailments tend to heal themselves." And his Marjorie Franck decides to forget her futility in the hope that her child may some day have new children of the spirit with which to play.

Probably, like all such searches through the lack to the hope of our time, this particular rambling excursion of our own must be left at that. But we have grasped here, have grasped there at possibilities—at the possibility of a greater consecration to the truth on the part of our most widely read authors—at the possibility of a city, as of a world, to *live in*, in which the imagination of artists should play a larger part in establishing the actual scene through which we move—at the possibility of an increase in enlightened criticism of the literature which subconsciously but so powerfully moulds our lives. We have clutched at a few straws in what may seem a crazy dream. Yet we have arrived at a conclusion by which we are prepared to stand. The United States is probably the most ingenious nation on earth, but what it has not as yet, in any proper proportion to its other virtues, is the virtue of imagination, the imagination that is Voltaire's intelligence fused with the gusto for life and happiness that is peculiarly America's, police it, confine it, tamp it down to attempted uniformity and conformity as we will. Yet some day, we believe, this *will* be a country of more than mere clever fads and fancies. After all, our forebears were pioneers of the unexplored who brought a mad vision of vast cities and industries into being!

W. R. B.



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